July 3, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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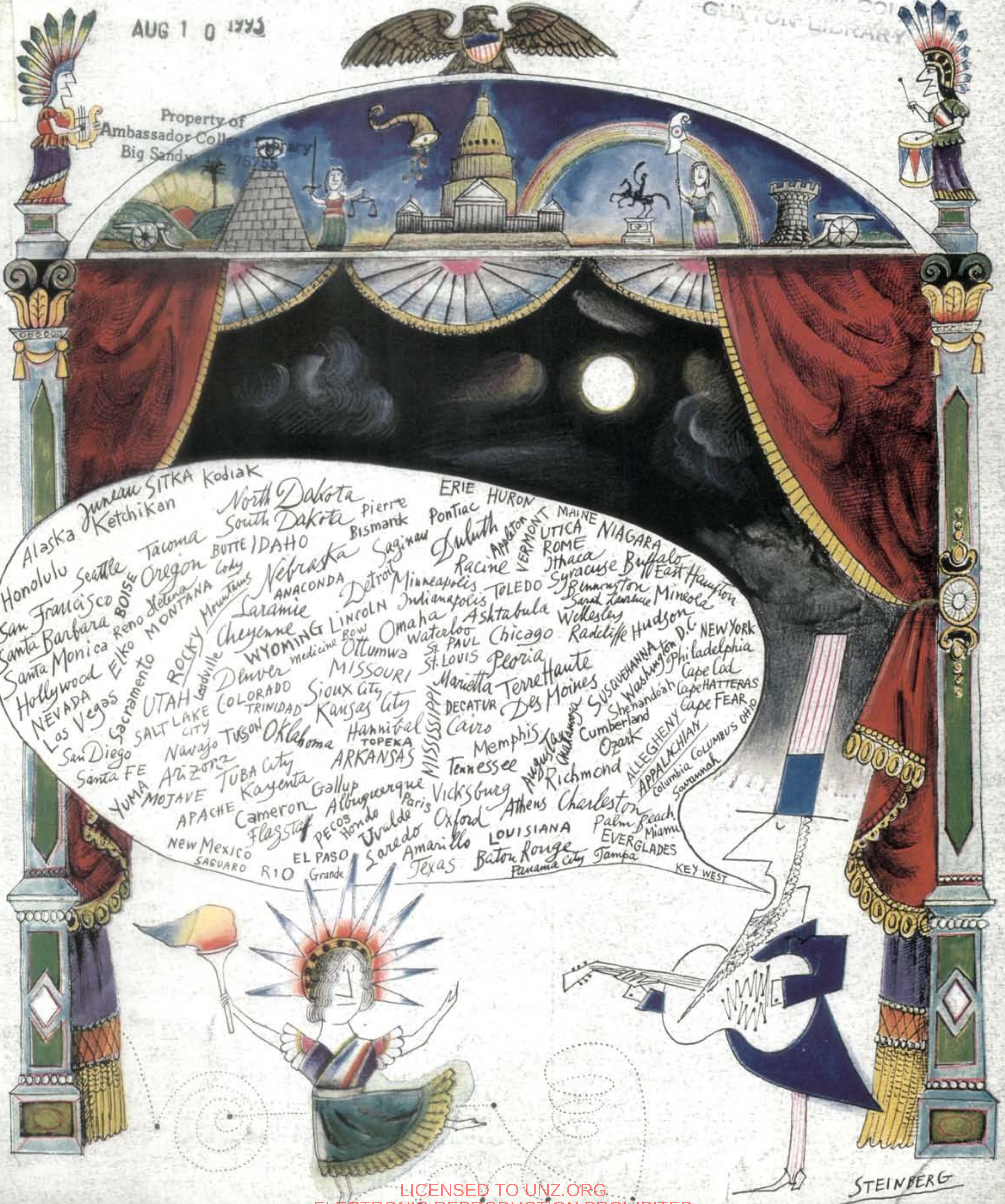
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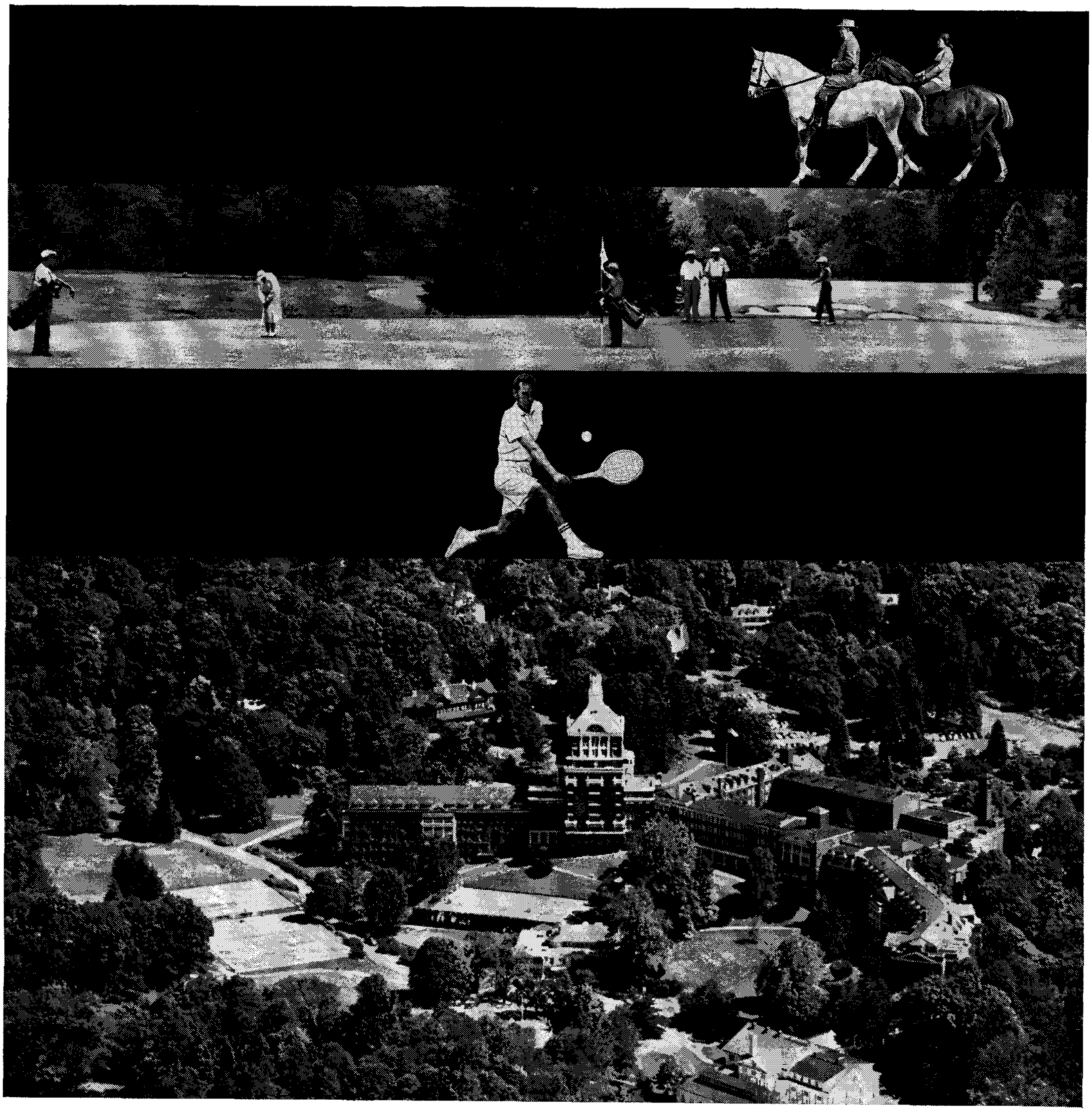

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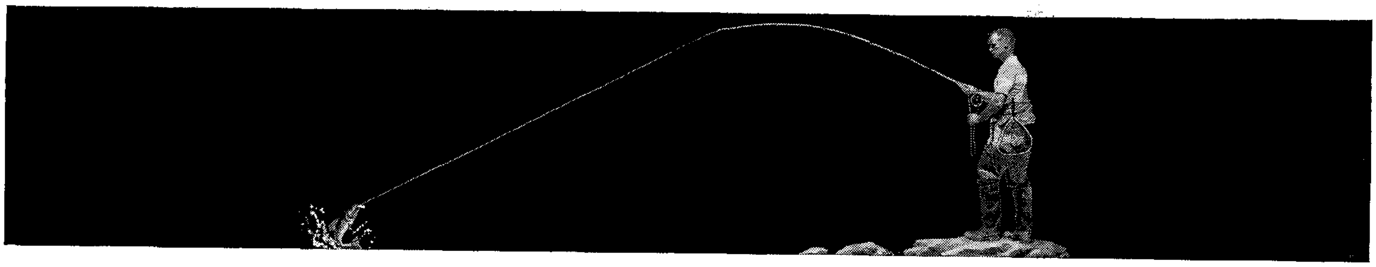

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July holiday. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 2:30.)

LUV—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a cheerful soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE ODD COUPLE—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols (him again) directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick (who will be replaced for three weeks starting Monday, July 5, by Ruth Matteson), and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

BAKER STREET—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coppersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock, Inga Swenson a girl who loves him, and Martin Gabel the dread Moriarty. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 2:30.)

DO I HEAR A WALTZ?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this occasion, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FLORA, THE RED MENACE—The early thirties viewed retrospectively in a musical written by George Abbott and Robert Russell, and directed by Mr. Abbott. It doesn't make the depression days any more stimulating than they actually were, but the cast, headed by Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy, labors valiantly against the heavy odds. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN BOY—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HALF A SIXPENCE—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT–THE SMELL OF THE CROWD—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Zero Mostel in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

MUSIC THEATER OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of **KISMET**, with Alfred Drake, Anne Jeffreys, and Lee Venora, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, July 31.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8:15: "Pagliacci" and "Three Days After."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 1-2, at 8:40: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado."... ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 3 and 7:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Tuesday, July 6, at 8:40 (preview), and Wednesday, July 7, at 7:30 (opening): "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 8-9, at 8:40: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 3 and 8:40: "The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S THEATRE SONGS—Trude Adams, Don Francks, and Micki Grant in a program of excerpts from such shows as "On the Town," "Candide," and "West Side Story." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, July 1.)

THE EXCEPTION AND THE RULE and **THE PRODIGAL SON**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by

	Page
BOOKS	74
THE CURRENT CINEMA	58
MUSICAL EVENTS	70
THE RACE TRACK	61

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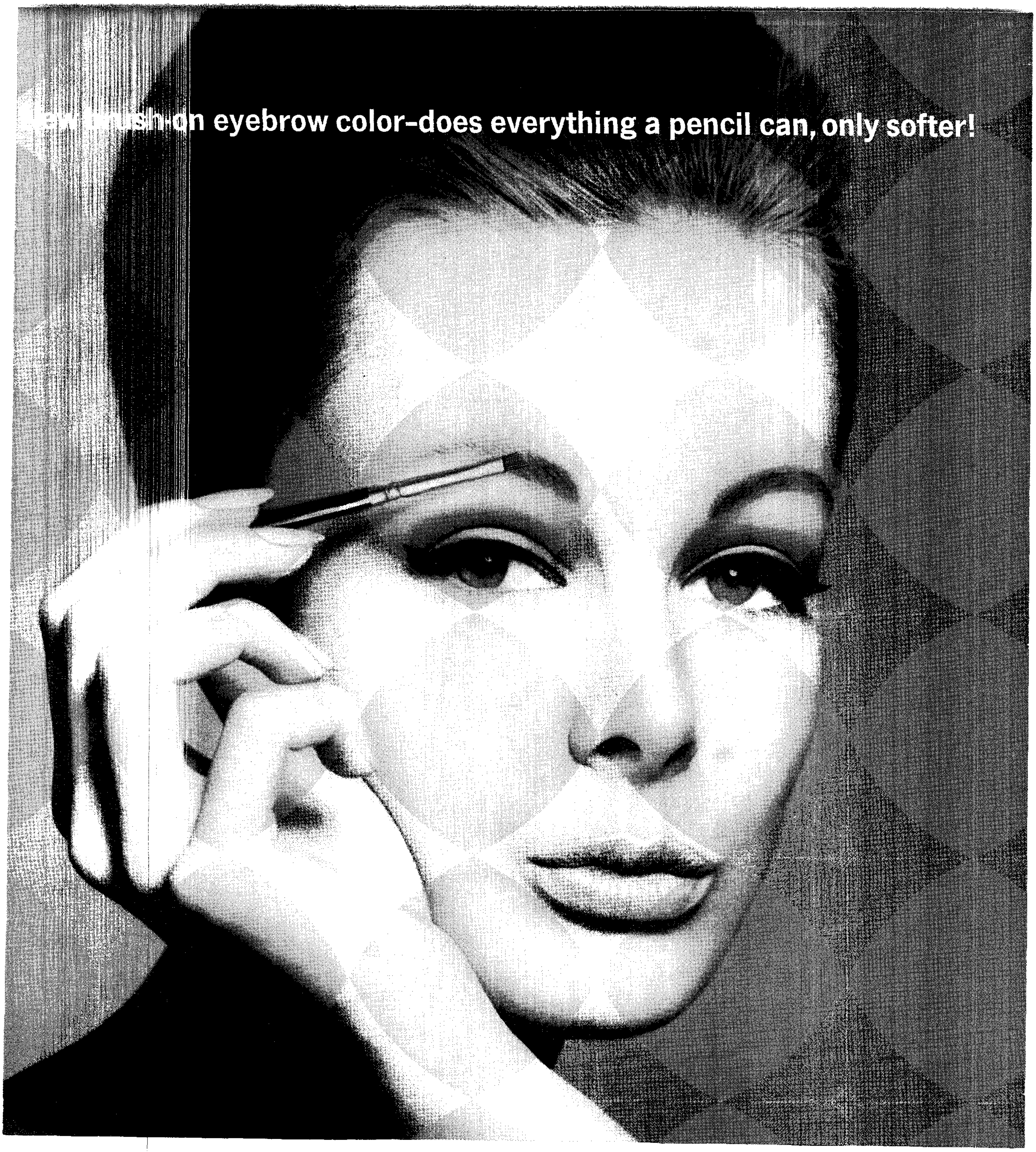
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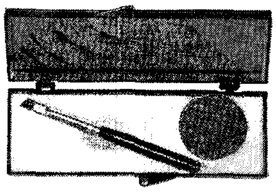

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—Most of this apparently rowdy but actually wistful English play, by John Arden, consists of scenes from the home life of a raffish bunch who have been forced to move from an abandoned tram car into a tiny housing project. The play is lively at times and tedious at times, and the same can be said of its performance by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play "Othello": Sundays at 3 and 8:40. . . . ¶ "Baal": Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays—except July 2—and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays and Friday, July 2, at 7 and 10.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Love's Labor's Lost," with Jane White and Rae Allen, will be given through Saturday, July 3. . . . ¶ "Coriolanus," with Robert Burr, James Earl Jones, and Jane White, will be the second in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, July 7, and will run through Saturday, July 31. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box gets under way again on Tuesday, July 6, and so do the Kim Sisters, a Korean song-and-dance act compounded of great energy and great innocence. The young women show up at mealtimes; the music, which goes on all evening, comes mostly from the band of Lee Evans, which puts in some nice work. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—One of the last traces of the old feudal system. In the grand salon, which is closed Sundays, Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra never pause for breath; in the Champagne Room, which closes for the summer on Saturday, July 3, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome (Ernest Schoen's).

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Just about as far as the eye of Samuel Clemens could reach. In this happy pageantry, Billy May's orchestra will supply the music through Wednesday, July 7. Tito Puente's triphammer Latin bandsmen will be on hand Thursday, July 8, followed by the Glenn Miller orchestra, headed by Ray McKinley, on Friday, July 9. On Saturday, July 10, Les and Larry Elgart's band will settle in for a two-week visit. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays, the music is produced by the rubbing together of electronic tubes.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever be idle. Yvette Souviron, who chirps at her work, plays solitaire piano every night but Monday.

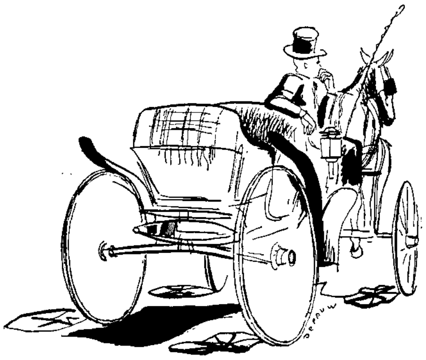
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room begins its midyear semester on Tuesday, July 6, with Kaye Stevens, a dealer in ballads and banter. She will appear at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-fifteen and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays; Milt Shaw's big band and Mark Monte's gadflies will be around all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano tinkle away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into a fashionable watering place in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry-maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The top of the evening to you—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This particular set of Alps turns a handsome pink at sundown and stays that way until well past bedtime. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble ply their trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays and Monday, July 5.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Out in the open, there is dancing under the sun, the moon, the trees, and the fireflies from seven-thirty until after the theatre every night but Monday. Whenever the weather temporarily breaks up the drought, everyone just moves indoors and continues to carry on.

Note—Mass (and merry) participation is no problem at all in **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.



SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Friday through Monday, July 2-5. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper in both Florentine and English keep showing up and being put to useful work. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a little Austria ardently devoted to the cuisine and the wine of the country, not to mention Hans Hansberg's zither, calls it a summer on Friday, July 2. Seven to ten is the running time. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): That merry old soul Hans Christian Andersen slept here, and his castle walls still ring in tune to the music of his fiddler one, Norbert Faconi, dean of the tribe of our stringed friends. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome as it might look from a villa in Frascati. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from six until two, would be at home in Frascati, too. Closed Sundays and Monday, July 5. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Not all the legions are Roman, but the table talk and some of the cookery could persuade one that he is having a night out on the Via Veneto. A set of dulcet violinists and such are also out at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The New Spain can be as handsome as the Old. In the largest of the four rooms that prove this premise, a guitar (José Luis Franco) dwells, from eight until one, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, which is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) that holds forth from eight to one. Closed Sunday, July 4. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old life of the Isle of Jamaica is giving way to something else (tourism, perhaps), but mourners can enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from dinner through supper every night. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The last chance on the way home for those whose

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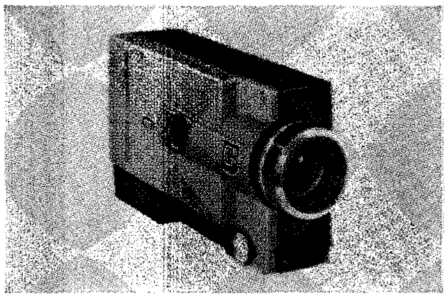

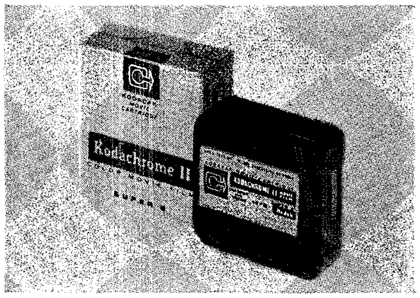

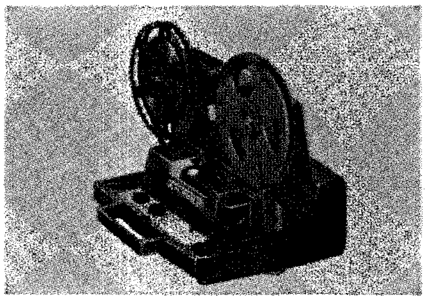

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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workaday lives are passed in the ateliers where wax and film are the tools of the trade. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a tireless jazz trio. Closed Sunday, July 4. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight the view of any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The games mistress is Nancy Steele, who sings a frolicsome song; the man of the house (and of the world) is Jimmie Daniels, the perpetual, who does a brisk ditty; the professor is Murray Grand, who plays a rich and reminiscent piano. This high-fidelity reproduction of club life in the outgoing days begins at eight-thirty, along with the jazz background of Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas. Closed Friday through Monday, July 2-5. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's Town Hall Tonight every Sunday in this rambling and picturesque *ranchero*, which is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—flamenco singers, dancers, and players, on patrol from one to nine. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The fifth-floor Crown Restaurant is a startler for adherents of the original school of Hudson River architecture, but it should amuse the rest of us. It offers a good look at the river of the same name, plus a harp plied by Barbara Allen from seven to ten-thirty every evening but Tuesday, when Daphne Hellman usually pulls the strings. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): St. Petersburg in the irrevocable past, or in a sort of Neva Neva Land. Marina Fedorovskaya, the proprietress, sings the great big sad songs of her native heath as the chef puts more chicken à la Kiev on the fire. Brooding violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): An uptown drill hall for the palace guard. George Feyer's old-lace piano, which now does the tinkling, will be replaced, on Tuesday, July 6, by the gentle Viennese piano of Karl Inwald. The musicales run from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays and Monday, July 5. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Is it Naughty Marietta, Frou Frou, or the Merry Widow singing away at dinner and (Fridays and Saturdays) at supper, too? No, no, it is our own Rita Dimitri, giving her arias the classic soubrette treatment. Dream-sequence dance music happens now and then as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Johnny Ryan potters around the piano from six-thirty to one every night but Monday; Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one every night but Sunday.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by its quantity than by its quality, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): It's dreamy, mystic little old Egypt, all right, but scarcely the one invented by Thos. Cook & Son. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four on other nights. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The current Seventh Heaven for Park Avenue's dancing feet. Like Heaven, it has a St. Peter at the door to ask whether you have a reservation. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Gaggles and even galaxies of girls, long, lean, and luxurious, prancing and prattling through a mighty extravaganza called "Tonight's the Night." Along with them go a lot of other stuff and some nonsense. On Wednesday, July 7, Xavier Cugat's vaudeville orchestra will become part of the melee. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): In the good old summertime, people you never heard of are apt to turn up, and so here comes Marilyn Michaels, singer. With her appears a fetching troupe of ballerinas led by Jane Zachary, a girl you should be hearing a lot of. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, a sort of Beatle babble commences on the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The summer session involves a frolic and gambol in which the words and music are sung and danced full tilt by a crew—Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer—that knows its way around despite its tender years. The doors are unbolted about nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest private army, is marching, singing, and gallivanting like mad. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, who kicks up an extremely vivacious and pretty pair of heels. These characters give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The third edition of "The Game Is Up," a very small but brisk revue, still contains R.G. Brown, a farceur whose almost subliminal comedy never fails. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. A vigorous ballet is enacted by a collection of Spaniards led by Lydia Torea and seconded by a lively wisp named Maribel de Cirez. These enthusiasts are turned loose at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night. Dinner and supper go with all this. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is a surprise package, for it brings from unmerited obscurity a great many arias that even the Porter partisans don't know. It likewise provides Kaye Ballard, queen of the May, with a regular field night, in which she is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. One small exception: The antics occasionally suggest that the producers have forgotten that nearly everything Mr. Porter wrote was pen-in-cheek to begin with. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Pillar of fire is Felicia Sanders' way with most of her ballads; tender is the night as she approaches others. She has the special advantage of first (and only) call on the songs composed by her accompanist, Irving Joseph. Also onstage: the double piano of Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn, which represents nostalgia at its best. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Pride and joy inform the piano of Earl Hines, who dwells on the great days of exuberant jazz and wants everyone to relearn about it. In his quartet is Budd Johnson. On Tuesday, July 6, Memphis Slim, blues singer, and Sonny Rollins' quartet will succeed the Hines contingent. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays, the foursome of Jeremy Steig, a bright new penny, plays for its own amusement and for dancing. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Charlie Mingus's Jazz Workshop, in which you may see and hear a volcano forged before your very eyes and ears, ceases and desists on Sunday, July 4; on Tuesday, July 6, Thelonious Monk and his squadron and John Coltrane's quartet will arrive. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant and sidewalk café from five to eleven every night but Monday, on which evening Symphony Sid (dear me!) talks about music and a Latin band plays it. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in excellent health and spirits. At the moment, the performers are Mike Settle, a young Oklahoman who serves up folk song without rhinestone trim; the Uncalled-For 3, a new group of humorists; and the Highwaymen, a collection of folk singers. On Wednesday, July 7, Mr. Settle and the Highwaymen will be replaced by Joan Toliver, another folkster, and comedienne Joan Rivers. Tuesdays are given over to visiting performers. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to and ending up with Gene Krupa's firecracker brigade. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-

experience

Referring to the other of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Valentine praised him thus: "His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe."

He might have been describing any member of Smith, Barney's Research Department. Perhaps not all, or even many, of them can truly lay claim to "years but young" or "head unmellow'd." But the soundness of their judgment—reinforced by the firm's more than ninety years of experience—has often been demonstrated.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9752): The quartet of Art Farmer, a good and honest man, will give way on Tuesday, July 6, to the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Nothing but live ammunition is used on this old rifle range, which is also part steak house. The very happy gun club is once again headed by Eddie Condon, and Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner are on the firing squad. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Monday, July 5. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The foursome of Roy Haynes and the quartet of Lou Donaldson take turns on the stand. Warning: Rock 'n' roll on Mondays, and dancing, too. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, more interested in the steady beat these nights, are still applying nostalgic French horn and wide-ranging piano, among other things, to their intent music, which has the special merit of sounding like the music of no one else on earth. Helcio Milito is their drummer boy. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator, gets in many good licks, too. Mondays they stay home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven is now one part rock and one part roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, six to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday, July 5.)

GALLERIES

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MARIA LUISA PACHECO—Abstract paintings and collages; through July 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GARRETT PRICE—Cover paintings drawn for this magazine; through Aug. 1. (Stone Ledge Studio Art Galleries, 59 High St., Noank, Conn. Daily, 2 to 5.)

SCULPTURES—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—A selection of oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through July 11. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 5, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Sept. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Boardman Robinson, John Sloan, and Tom Hardy; though Friday, July 2. . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5.). . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through July 30. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung:" through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, assemblages, and drawings by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Marcia Marcus, and others; through Friday, July 2. . . . **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Dark Mirror," an exhibition of unconventional paintings, sculptures, drawings, and etchings, selected by Charles Addams, with works by Thomas Cornell, Hilario Muñoz, and Maryan (to mention a few); through Thursday, July 8. (Open Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through July 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

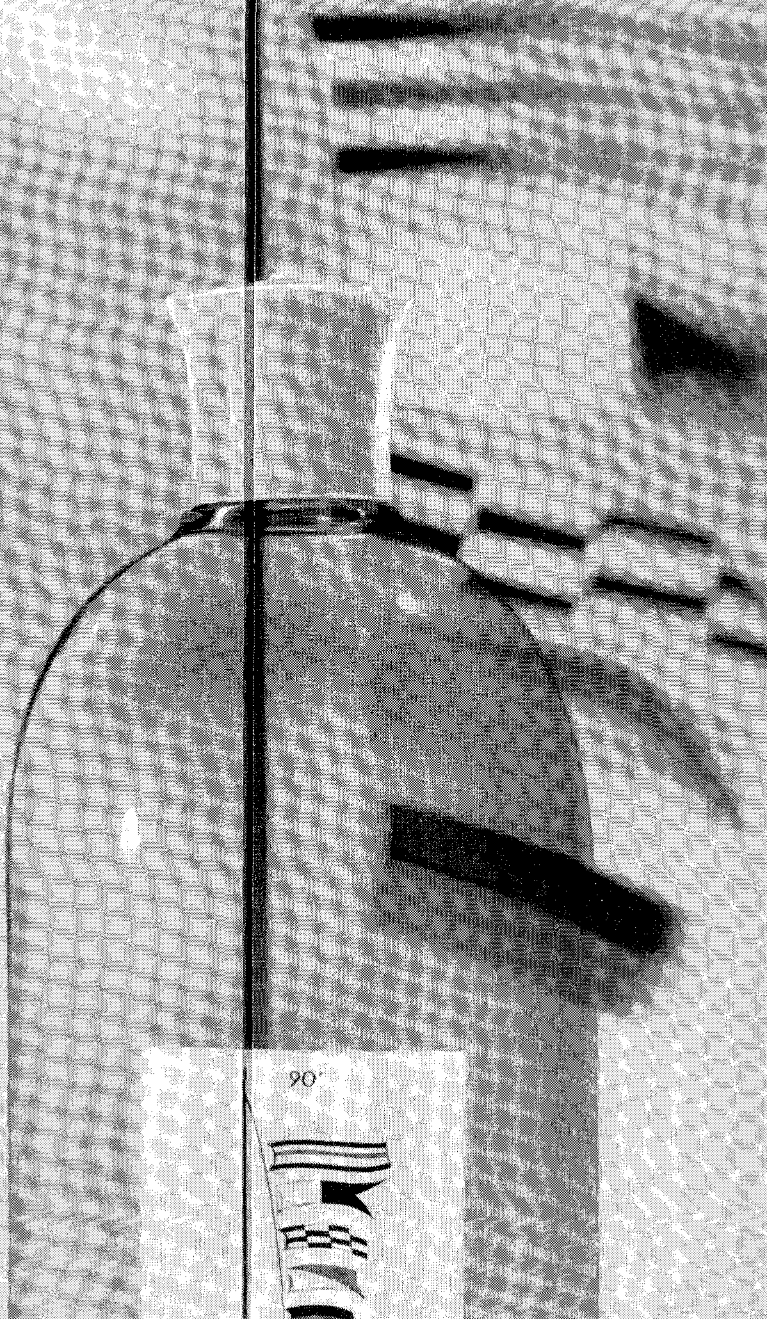
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broad-

CANOE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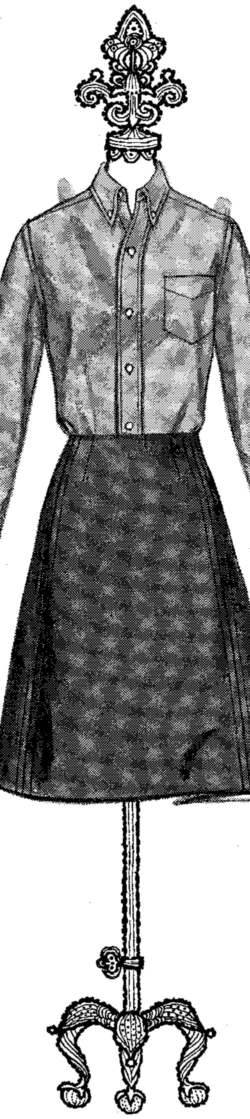

Twain

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way at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Sunday and Monday, July 4-5, from 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, non-sloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by the Belgian-born Paris artist Pierre Alechinsky; through July 27. . . . ¶ Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Audubon watercolors and drawings; through July 30. (Mondays, except July 5, through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, jade, and the like) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Sunday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, the final performances of the season—Thursday, July 1, at 8:30: Franz Allers directing an all-Offenbach program, with Marni Nixon and Anita Darian, sopranos; Loren Driscoll, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and the Choral Art Society. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8:30: Andre Kostelanetz directing an all-Gershwin program, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Robert Mosley, baritone; Theodore Lettvin, piano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York.

Lewisohn Stadium Concerts—Friday, July 2: George Schick directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Madame Butterfly" in concert form, with Licia Albanese, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; and William Walker, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3: Arthur Fiedler directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of American music, with Marian Anderson, contralto, and the United States Military Academy Band and Color Guard. . . . ¶ Monday, July 5: A folk-song program performed by Theodore Bikel, Pete Seeger, Ronnie Gilbert, and the New Lost City Ramblers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 7: Fausto Cleva directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of excerpts from operas and Italian songs, with Zinka Milanov and Mary Ellen Pracht, sopranos; Jon Vickers, tenor; and Cesare Bardelli and William Walker, baritones. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9: Martin Rich directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Carmen" in concert form, with Regina Resnik and Beverly Bower, sopranos; Sándor Kónya, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10: A jazz program performed by Ella Fitzgerald, with Tommy Flanagan's trio and the Metropolitan Opera orchestra. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Metropolitan Opera box office, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-1210, and the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 7. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

New School Outdoor Concerts—Folk singers—Friday, July 9, at 8:30: Cynthia Gooding. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Jean Ritchie. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. In the event of rain, the concerts will be held in the auditorium.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.) . . ¶ Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Sunday, July 4, at 8:30.)

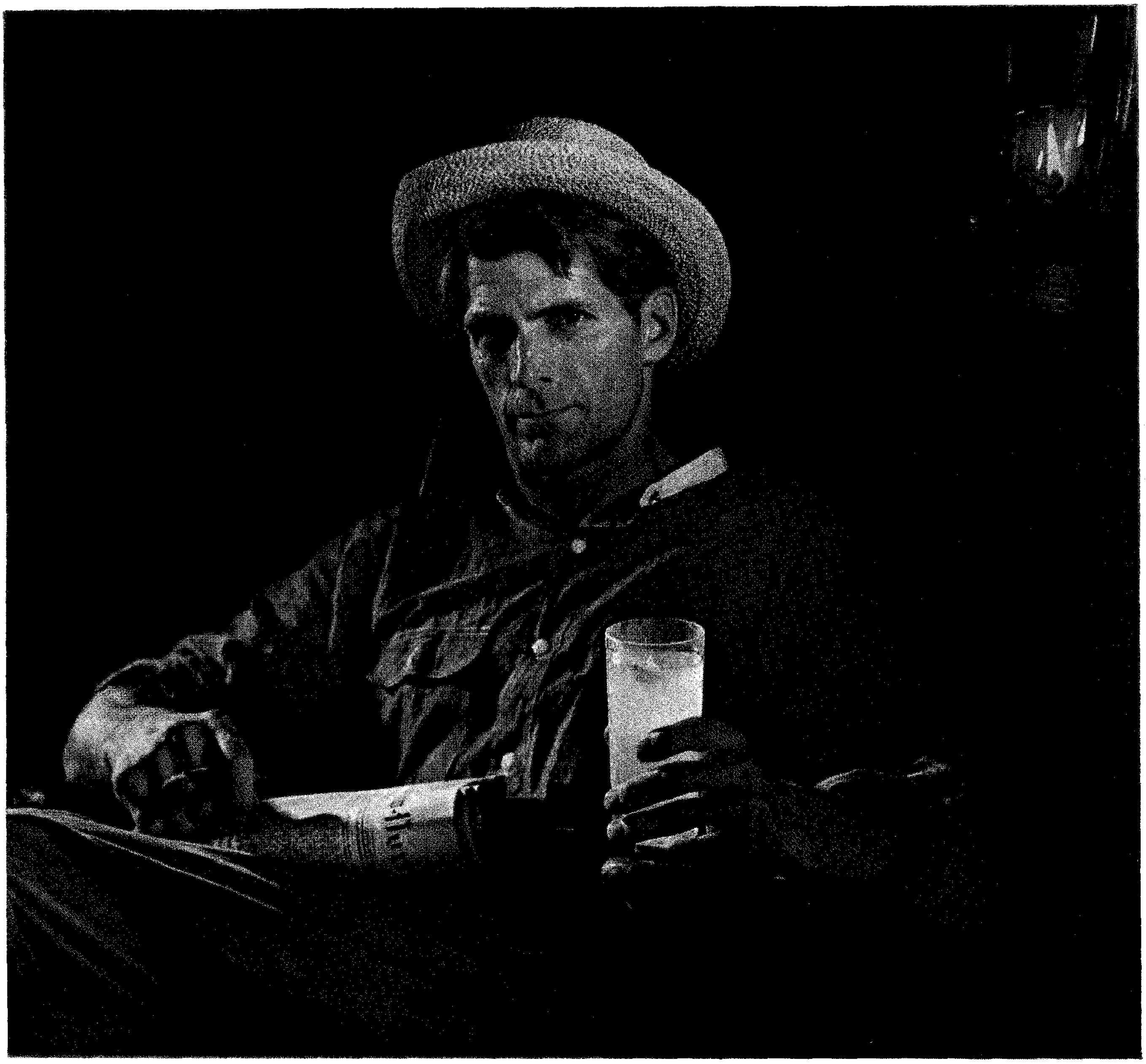
Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 1, at 8:30: Earl Hines' quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:30: The Muddy Waters blues band. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 22—Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8: All-Mozart programs, both with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 2:30: A varied program, with Claude Frank, piano; Joseph Silverstein, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Sherman Walt, bassoon; and Burton Fine, viola. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8: A varied program, with Theodore Lettvin, piano; Joseph Silverstein and Alfred Krips, violin; and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8: A varied program, with Vronsky and Babin, piano; Veronica Tyler, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 2:30: An all-Bach program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Doriot Anthony Dwyer and James Pappoutsakis, flute; Veronica Tyler, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Folk and jazz concerts—Sunday, July 4, at 8:30: The Modern Jazz Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 3:30: Ian and Sylvia. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Thursday, July 1, at 8: "The Family of Jazz," with Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Pete Seeger, Joe Williams, the Muddy Waters blues band, Memphis Slim, Willie Dixon, Les McCann's trio, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 2: "The New Thing in Jazz," with Cecil Taylor, Paul Bley, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8: Miles Davis's quintet, Thelonious Monk's quartet, John Coltrane's quartet, Art Blakey's quintet, Carmen McRae, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 2: "Drum Workshop," with Billy Taylor (narrator), Art Blakey, Roy Haynes, Jo Jones, Louis Bellson, Buddy Rich, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8: Duke Ellington's Orchestra, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Sonny Stitt, Illinois Jacquet, Buddy Rich, Howard McGhee, Tony Scott, Billy Taylor, Herbie Mann's octet, Mieko Hirota, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 2: "Jazz Showcase," with Lee Konitz, Stan Getz's quintet, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8: Frank Sinatra, Count Basie's orchestra, Oscar Peterson's trio, and Quincy Jones. (Festival Field, Connell Highway. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 3: The Ballet Arts Company, Lisa Czobel and Alexander von Swaine, and Nala Najan. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 6-10: Patricia Heyes, Hans Meister, and three other soloists of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, and Norman Walker and his company. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, July 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8, and Sunday, July 4, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Monday, July 5, at 1 (doubleheader), and Wednesday, July 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, July 9, at 8, and Saturday, July 10, at 2:15.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Atlantic City Country Club, Atlantic City, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 1-4.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 8-11.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Saranac, Saturday, July 3; the Suburban Handicap, Monday, July 5; and the Tremont, Wednesday, July 7. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 3, and the Monmouth Oaks, Monday, July 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 4, at 7:40: Ferencvaros vs. Kilmarnock. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 7, at 8:30: West Bromwich Albion vs. Kilmarnock. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Sports-Car Racing—At LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Monday, July 5, at 10 A.M. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Saturday, July 10.

Tennis—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Through Sunday, July 4.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 5-9, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Monday, July 5. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: July 11, July 23-25, and Aug. 3-8. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: July 15-22, July 27-Aug. 1, and Aug. 10-15.

Golf—New York State Golf Association Women's Amateur Championship. (Corning Country Club, Corning, N.Y. July 13-17.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Lancaster Country Club, Lancaster, N. Y. July 20-24.) . . . ¶ Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. July 29-Aug. 1.)

Horse Shows—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 3-7.) . . . ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 7.)

Racing—At SARATOGA: Aug. 2-28. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 9-Oct. 9.

Soccer—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: July 11, 14, 18, 21, and 25, and Aug. 1, 4, 8, and 11.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: July 17. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: July 17-18. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Aug. 14.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 26-Aug. 1.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: July 29-Sept. 27.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 17-24.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. July 24-31.)

Music—New York Philharmonic Festival of French and American Music, at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424), July 14-31. . . . ¶ Newport Folk Festival, Newport, R. I., July 22-25.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Through July and August, admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays, with one exception—Monday, July 5, when it will be $1.

The Belgian Village—Since 1930, a Belgian architect has been making molds of the façades of seventeenth-century Belgian buildings for reproduction at various World's Fairs. The current edition, covering four and a half acres, is the largest, and includes a church, a city hall, Belgian lace and crystal and Yugoslavian handbags and runless stockings for sale, a working antique carrousel, the world's largest opal, wooden-shoe dancing in the lumpy cobblestone streets, music everywhere, and more restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. The prices at the Mexican restaurant have been cut in half and the menu changed accordingly, but the combination plate is delicious, better than the barbecued lamb. The bar is one of the most attractive at the Fair. The mariachi band is good and can be heard from anywhere. . . . ¶ Other commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." . . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free. . . . ¶ Between 10 P.M., and 2 A.M., the Underground Home becomes an underground discothèque.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cat Ballou—This Western, which makes sport of Westerns, is much droller than you might expect. With Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, and some other personable players. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Eye of the Needle—A minor and rather appealing Italian comedy about the scandal that shakes a Sicilian town when two local youths assault a local maiden. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fascist—A modest and funny Italian satire about the adventures of a dogged Army sergeant and an elderly leader of the underground, whom the sergeant is ordered to capture. The time is 1944. Ugo Tognazzi and Georges Wilson play sergeant and leader, respectively, and they couldn't be better. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond thriller, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 7.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A quasi-documentary film about an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and superbly acted by Peter Kastner. Much less gloomy than it sounds, and not to be missed. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting July 7, tentative.)

Nothing but a Man—A strong and affecting study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, flawlessly enacted by Ivan Dixon. The screenplay is by Michael Roemer and Robert Young; the former directed the picture, the latter photographed it. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 7.)

Operation Crossbow—Daring top-secret ploys and counterploys, by which the Nazis are just barely kept from winning the Second World War. Starring George Peppard, Tom Courtenay, Trevor Howard, Sophia Loren, Lilli Palmer, and lots of other heroes and villains. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Trial of Joan of Arc—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records and shot with characteristic Bresson bleakness and conviction. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 1.)

What's New Pussycat?—This anthology of private jokes is annoying as often as it is entertaining, but some of the lines and the cinematic high jinks do pay off. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider frisk around in a Paris setting. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and rapher. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-2262.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 5.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 2.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "The Tramp," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 7.)

Dr. No (1963)—James Bond pits himself against a human fiend in the Caribbean. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 6.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—Bond again, in the same sort of trouble. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 6.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 4-6.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 3.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting July 7, tentative.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French version of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 7, tentative.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 3.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 7.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, here with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 4.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 1.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 3.)

The Night Watch (1964)—How to escape from prison, in fifty or so not at all easy lessons. A French picture, directed by Jacques Becker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

One Potato, Two Potato (1964)—The story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child. With Bernie Hamilton. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 5.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 6.)

Room Service (1938)—Still more Marx Brothers, here in a Broadway play tailored to fit them. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 4.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 6-7.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 2.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 7.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 1.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 4-6.)

Stray Dog (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 2.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through July 6.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 5.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Two programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master." July 2-3, showings at 3 and 5:30: "One Exciting Night" (1922), with Carol Dempster and Henry Hull. . . . ¶ July 4-7, showings at 3: "The White Rose" (1923), with Mae Marsh and Carol Dempster. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. The auditorium will be closed July 1.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—July 1-3 and July 6-7: Excerpts from "The March of Time" (1936-45). (Showings at 2, 3:45, and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 5, at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through July 6: "Dingaka," Stanley Baker, Juliet Prowse; and "The Bounty Killer," Dan Duryea.
From July 7: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "Town Tamer," Dana Andrews, Terry Moore.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
CAT BALLOU.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 6: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.
From July 7: **MARY POPPINS.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 6: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page.
From July 7 (tentative): **NOBODY WAVED GOOD-BYE**; and **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through July 6: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.
From July 7: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
CAT BALLOU.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 6: "Dingaka," Stanley Baker, Juliet Prowse; and "The Bounty Killer," Dan Duryea.
From July 7: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "Town Tamer," Dana Andrews, Terry Moore.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Image of Love," a documentary film.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Knack," Rita Tushingham.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE (in Italian).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 5: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.
July 6: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From July 7: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 6: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.
From July 7: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 6: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles.
From July 7 (tentative): **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE TRAIN.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 6: "Dingaka," Stanley Baker, Juliet Prowse; and "The Bounty Killer," Dan Duryea.
From July 7: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "Town Tamer," Dana Andrews, Terry Moore.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 6: "Genghis Khan," Omar Sharif, Stephen Boyd.
From July 7: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 1: **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French); **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival.
From July 2: **BREATHLESS** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 3: **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
July 4-6: **LA STRADA** and **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From July 7: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
DR. NO, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Winner," a French film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 6: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From July 7: "Genghis Khan," Omar Sharif, Stephen Boyd; and "These Are the Damned," Macdonald Carey.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 6: "Love the Italian Way," Elke Sommer; and "Lorna," Lorna Maitland.
From July 7: "Vice and Virtue," Annie Girardot, Robert Hossein; and "Two Are Guilty" (in French), revival, Anthony Perkins, Jean-Claude Brialy.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Enchanting Shadow" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE FASCIST (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 2: **STRAY DOG** (in Japanese), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
July 3: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **GO WEST**, revival.
July 4: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **ROOM SERVICE**, revival.
July 5: **THE BANK DICK**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
July 6-7: **RULES OF THE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
DR. NO, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 1: "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film; and four short films on art.
July 2: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
July 3: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**, revival; and **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French), revival.
July 4: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
July 5: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.
July 6: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
July 7: "The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand; and "The Doll" (in Swedish), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 6: "Love the Italian Way," Elke Sommer; and "Lorna," Lorna Maitland.
From July 7: "Vice and Virtue," Annie Girardot, Robert Hossein; and "Two Are Guilty" (in French), revival, Anthony Perkins, Jean-Claude Brialy.

PRO SHOP
GOLF AND TENNIS
EICKE

Peck & Peck

Photographed at Dr. Santo's Sign of the Dove, New York

The Peck & Peck Girl loves the raw silk look

Nubby news for texture lovers. Tussara's terribly chic thick and thin look has the throw-away elegance of a bare teak floor. Here it is shaped into a lovely two-piece dress with curved, banded and button-trimmed bodice. Tussara is a blend of acetate/cotton/viscose. Lime, turquoise or shocking pink. 6 to 16, *40.00*

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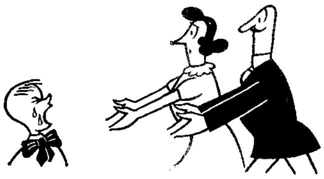
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PERHAPS life does imitate art, as is sometimes claimed, but a likelier proposition, it seems to us, is that science imitates life. We say this after reading in the press that a team of British biochemists has discovered that human tears contain an antibiotic-like substance that is a powerful killer of bacteria. We are not surprised. We have long considered tears an effective antidote to all sorts of pain and discomfort. We made the discovery in childhood, when we observed the frequency with which lachrymose pleas (cause) resulted in rescue (effect). We still think of tears as the liquefaction of prayer, to be offered in moments of special stress. They may not always work, to be sure, but then neither do the theories of scientists. The British biochemists, though, by diligent research, have lent laboratory confirmation to the well-established suspicion that a man incapable of shedding a tear is as good as dead.



Music of Time

ANTHONY POWELL, C.B.E., is a meticulous English novelist who is currently engaged in writing a panoramic series of novels with the inclusive title "A Dance to the Music of Time." He has written about the series that it will cover "English social life in different aspects from about the First World War to the present time," and that "it is concerned with the interrelations of individuals, their lives and love affairs, and is intended to illustrate and bring up to date consideration of the way in which the middle and upper classes live in England—a subject that continues to be written about by many novelists and playwrights as if no changes had taken place during the last fifty years or so, or at least as if those changes were only superficial ones."

When we heard recently that this student of the classes, attended by his wife, née Lady Violet Pakenham, the third daughter of the fifth Earl of Longford, K.P., was in our city and ensconced in the home of Ivan Morris, British author and an associate professor of Japanese history at Columbia, we went up to Riverside Drive and to the Morrises' apartment, which is done up with English antiques, Japanese screens, and Chinese rugs. It was nearly teatime, and we found Mr. Powell, who, though immaculately dressed in a dark suit, was clearly an outdoor type—he has a strong, open face and a large smile—and Mr. Morris, who is thirty-nine and an English city type with a touch of Edwardian elegance about him, in the living room examining a glass tank that contained murky water, a couple of shadowy sea horses, and a guppy. There were three dachshunds underfoot.

"Violet went with Ivan to get some fresh sea water for the tank," Mr. Powell remarked to us cozily.

"Yes," Mr. Morris said. "We got on the ferry to the Statue of Liberty with some plastic bags, but we couldn't get any sea water. We didn't have the right implements. The ferrymen were very incensed with us for getting off the ferry and not going to the Statue of Liberty."

"But the sea horses need some fresh sea water," Mr. Powell said, and then asked, "Why do you have that fish in there?"

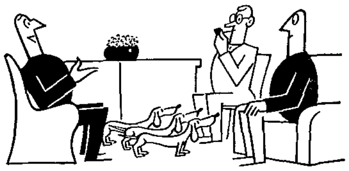
"It's a guppy," Mr. Morris said. "I put it in for the sea horses to feed on, but they didn't. My sea horses like live shrimp, a hundred at a time—tiny live shrimp that are flown in from California. Would you like tea or coffee?"

"Coffee, please," Mr. Powell said.

Mr. Morris left the room.

"Are you very fond of animals?" we asked Mr. Powell.

"I love cats," Mr. Powell said. "I have a Burmese cat in my house. The place is called The Chantry, and was described in one of the first Victorian best-sellers (you must have heard of it)—'Coming Through the Rye,' by Helen Mather, I believe. In the novel the house is called The Charteris. We bought it fourteen years ago, and except for one night a week in London—one gets muscle-bound otherwise—we live there all the time. The Burmese cat is quite a figure in our lives. I have a theory that people who love dogs love power."



We asked if there was any particular reason for his choosing the middle and upper classes as his subject matter.

"I have a theory that all novels are autobiographical," he said. "That's why all writers, novel after novel, keep on going back to the same plot and the same characters. Even a novel about the Dark Ages is autobiographical, because it's the daydream of its writer. So I thought, Why not write one long novel? That's what 'The Music of Time' is—one long novel. I didn't know how many volumes there would be. I imagined eight or fifteen. I think now it's going to be twelve. I got the idea for 'The Music of Time' in '37 or '38. I knew we would have a war—I saw it coming—and I was sure things would change, so I wanted to write about characters I still knew. That's not quite accurate. Proust somewhere says—he's my favorite novelist—that 'nothing in this book is true and nothing is untrue.' You establish a character; then the character follows his own logic, and what the character does, that's his doing. I like classical novels. I don't like the Romantic novels—Melville, and so on. They're messy."

We asked how his long novel was going.

"At home, I always write from about ten-thirty to one-twenty," Mr. Powell answered. "One-twenty is when lunch is announced. In the afternoon, I potter about in the garden, and so on. I used to write again from five-thirty to seven, but I can't do that anymore. When I did write from five-thirty to seven, sometimes I would sit in front of my typewriter and nothing would come. In those days, I used to jot down scenes and conversations on the backs of envelopes. Now, whenever I sit at my typewriter, something always comes. Three hundred words a day is plenty for me. But I have never sold very well—ten thousand copies in hardcover. The other night, we went to see Jack Gelber's new play, 'Square in the Eye.' This Gelber play was about funerals and the American way of death, and so on. Waugh had written a book about that even before the Mitford book. He has a way of smelling out popular themes, and before anyone else. By the way, I liked it, because it was a bad play. I like seeing bad plays, because I don't learn anything from a good play. I had a play in London for the first time in 1963. It was called 'Afternoon Men,' and was based on my book 'Afternoon Men.' I have this theory, too, that one never learns from reading good novels. I was a publisher from 1926 to 1935, at Duckworth's. It was one of those small houses with three directors, two of whom didn't show up, and I was learning the trade. I used to read at that point six or seven hundred bad novels, and I learned a lot about novel-writing."

"Six or seven hundred novels!" we exclaimed.

"Well, six or seven hundred used to come in," he said. "I looked at all of them, but I suppose I read fifty."

"How did you happen to become a novelist?" we asked.

"It was an ordinary thing to do," Mr. Powell said. "I was brought up to do ordinary things. My parents always insisted on that. I was brought up to think that drawing attention was a bad thing. My parents often said that. Everyone at Oxford was writing a novel. At Eton, my school, novel-writing was also an ordinary thing to do. I was holidaying in Toulon in 1931, and I remember working on my first novel there. It was just an ordinary thing to do."

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THERE'S a label on a Japanese sewing machine that reads "Inspected by a Foundational Jurisdictional Person."

A.M.A. Convention

AT noon on the fourth day of the American Medical Association convention last week, we walked up Seventh Avenue to the convention headquarters, at the Americana Hotel. There we found hungry doctors from New Jersey and North Carolina circling the lobby, wondering where to go for lunch, and, on the second floor, in the corridors outside the Imperial Ballroom, California, Indiana, and Texas doctors politely haranguing each other on Medicare. Blocking one of the halls completely was a sedate group of doctors who listened gravely and attentively, as though the topic were new to them, to a delegate from Florida. ". . . And *not* take care of the other five hundred thousand, who are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves," he was saying as we edged by.

Leaving the hotel, we went up to join the medical rank and file examining commercial exhibits on the first two floors of the Coliseum. On the way in, we picked up a copy of the A.M.A. *Daily Bulletin*. "House [of Delegates] Nominates Officers, Acts on Top Issues Today," said a page-one headline over a story that neglected to specify what the top issues might be. The only clue was a story on page 5 about a poll taken at the World's Fair, under the sponsorship of the *Daily News*, in which fifty-seven per cent of the participants cast secret ballots against Medicare. An advertisement on the opposite page advised doctors to protect themselves against the psychic hazards of hotel life by taking Placidyl, a sedative with infrequent side effects. The most prominent exhibits on the first floor were a display of medical textbooks and periodicals and an assortment of paintings, sculpture, photographs, and jewelry by doctors. After watching a man wearing a button that said "Guest" slip a small green book into a briefcase and shuffle off in the direction of a booth promoting bandages, we took a look at the art show. Among a great variety of works on display was a collage made of an assortment of medical items that included contraceptive pills and a hypodermic syringe. At a booth opposite a stand where doctors and their guests could sign up for a special five-dollar trial flying lesson ("Like Driving a Car"), salesmen were offering samples of Diet-Rite Cola, and nearby there was a display touting Cream of Wheat.

We rode an escalator up to the second floor, where doctors and their wives and children were taking advantage of the generosity of natty salesmen and pretty girls distributing everything from soft drinks to instructions for a thousand-calorie diet. Medical students, who were clearly delighted at being addressed as "Doctor" by cautious representatives of drug companies, were buying seventy-five-cent hero sandwiches from the Coliseum snack bars or accepting cups of hot soup at a sidewalk café set up by Campbell's in the middle of the floor. There was no room at the café tables, so they drank their soup lounging against a pillar under a burnt-edged copy of the Hippocratic oath. A man dressed in shorts and sneakers lay gracefully on the top of a double-decker bed that was fitted with alternating-pressure air mattresses, designed to prevent bedsores. He was reading William Faulkner's "Mosquitoes" while a salesman below explained the product to passing doctors. Other salesmen were distributing antineurotic, bactericidal, muscle-relaxant, bronchodilative, antigenic, and corticotherapeutic remedies, and information about a special offer of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Ladies carrying satchels, valises, duffelbags, large manila envelopes, cardboard cartons, Bonwit Teller shopping bags, and bottomless straw handbags lined up at every opportunity for antacids, sedatives, appetite depressants, baby food, antibacterial soap, and alkali-free soap substitutes, and signed their husbands up to receive by mail whatever products weren't being given away on the spot. A haggard-looking man in front of a booth devoted to the night-eating syndrome was asking anyone who would listen where he could get a free aspirin. No one knew.

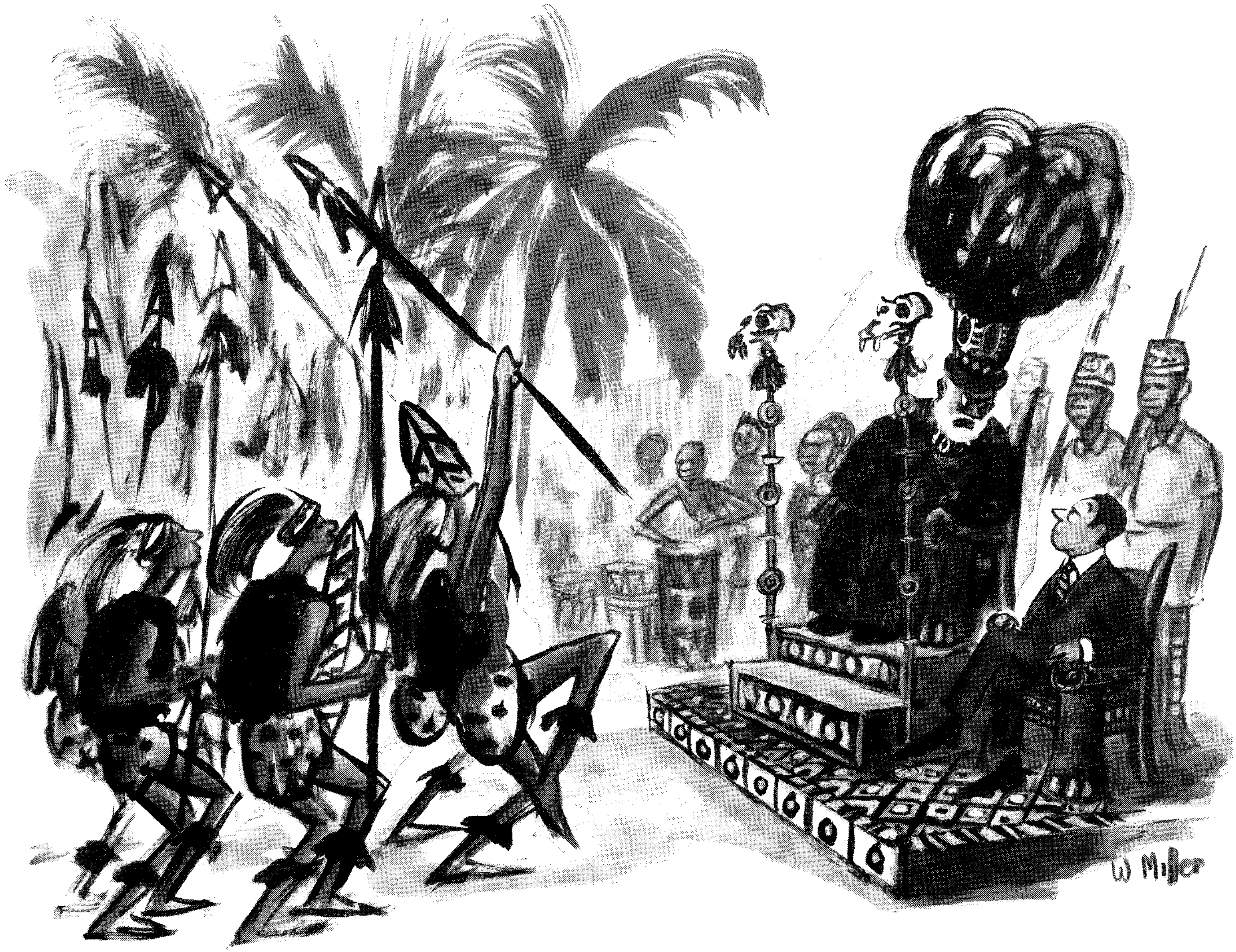
•

CHALKED graffito observed on one of the posters in a West Side subway station:

What Train Would Come
to Bear Me Back
Across So Wide a Town?

Good Evening

RADIO broadcasting may seem preoccupied these days with rock-'n'-roll records, news, and lonely house-



"You're home now. Stop comparing it with the Hasty Pudding show."

• •

wives talking on the telephone to announcers, but in New York, on Station WMCA, there continues to be a nightly spontaneous two-hour forum of opinion and argument that constitutes—after fifteen years—radio's longest non-stop exchange of ideas and is known to its listeners, tersely, as "Barry Gray." Over thirty thousand guests, of varying degrees of celebrity, have turned up on the program, which is heard every night of the year between 11:05 P.M. and 1 A.M., to discuss such popular topics as Red China, narcotics, sit-ins, dropouts, and teach-ins; and Barry Gray, a glib, opinionated man with a wide acquaintance in political and show-business circles ("After twenty years, you've met everybody in the race," he says), has presided over all the shows, even talking aloud to himself for periods of up to half an hour on the rare occasions when guests have failed to show up.

The show is broadcast live five nights a week, and the Saturday and Sunday shows are taped a few days in advance. We went over to see a taping one afternoon last week at WMCA, which has studios on the thirteenth floor of 415 Madison Avenue, and as we got out of the elevator we heard the loud, insistent beat of rock 'n' roll over a p.-a. system. Disc jockeys fill much of WMCA's time. We went down a hall and entered a large, softly lit pale-green studio; in front of us, arranged in a loose circle, were six walnut desks with tapered white stems, and six swivel chairs, upholstered, variously, in ivory, pink-white, and butterscotch. On each desk were a microphone, an earphone, a pitcher of water, and a paper cup. The wires from the microphones and earphones converged on a cluster of outlets in the floor in the middle of the circle, where a small section of the carpet—oatmeal-colored and wall-to-wall—had been removed. One desk and chair faced the large studio clock; the control-room window, where an engineer was making ready the on-the-air sign; and a sign saying, "A Dead Mike Might Be Live—Watch Your Language!" On the desk were two telephones and an open black loose-leaf notebook. From the ceiling hung a transparent plastic sign: "wmca, the voice of new york."

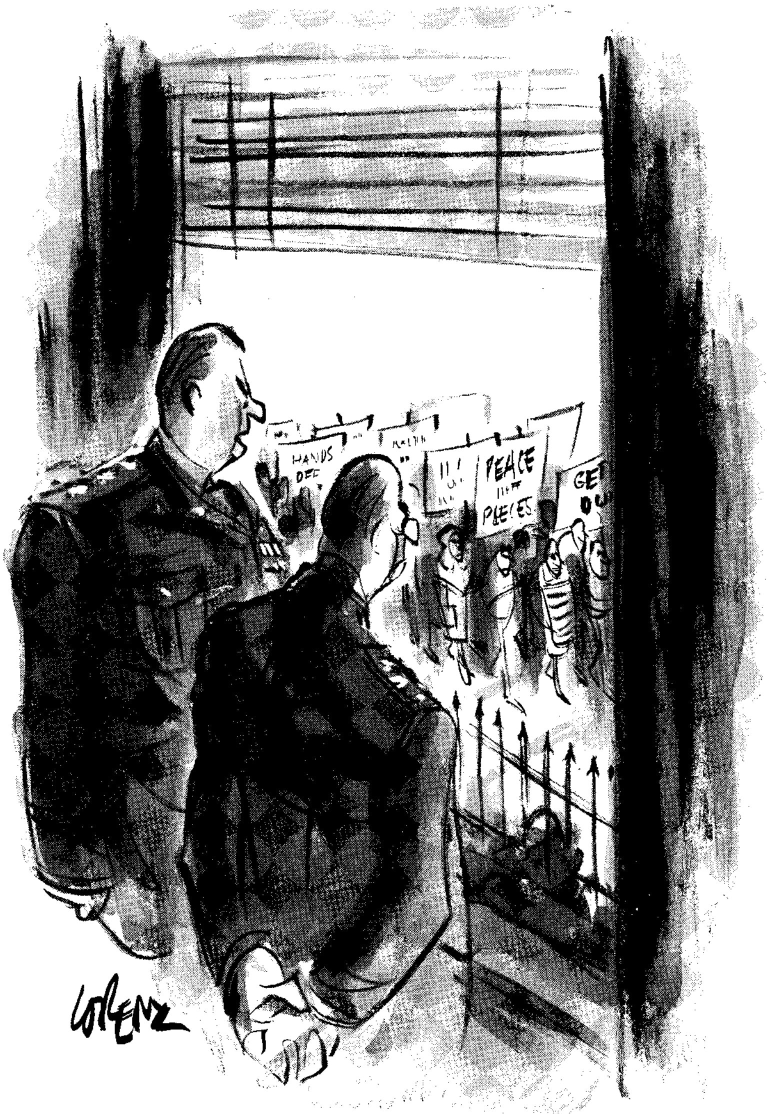
A pleasant-looking grandmotherly lady with gray hair was seated at one microphone, holding a book and waiting patiently. We said hello and sat down on one of several chairs (butterscotch) that lined one wall. A few minutes later, Barry Gray entered. Gray, a tall, sleek, lanky man with black hair and a brisk, genial manner, greeted the lady and crossed swiftly to his own chair—the one facing the control room. He removed his necktie, which was black, and the jacket of a sharply tailored black suit (he was also wearing black socks and black pumps), revealing a pink shirt with slashed-back collar and a discreet "BG" monogram in crimson. Then he sat down, lit a cigarette, put on his earphone, and crouched forward like a rider approaching a jump, his face close to the microphone, and, as the engineer pointed at him, said, “Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is Barry Gray.”

Half an hour and two cigarettes later, Mr. Gray had completed a discussion with the gray-haired lady, who had turned out to be Mrs. Gladys Denny Shultz, the author of a book called “How Many More Victims? Society and the Sex Criminal,” and the victim of an attempted rape. As she talked, Gray listened attentively, with a pleasant half-smile, and at length he asked, “What conclusions have you reached?” When she had told him, he announced a pause for the news, and during the break he said goodbye to Mrs. Shultz (“Keep your doors locked”) and greeted a new group of guests as they trooped into the studio.

The newcomers included an editor of *Cash Box*, a trade publication for people in the record business; a record-company promotion man; the author of a newspaper column for teen-agers; an editor of a magazine for teen-age girls; and Lesley Gore, a pretty Sarah Lawrence sophomore, with teased strawberry-colored hair, who has had an enormous success as a singer of teen-age songs. Gray got them all seated, and plunged into the next hour and a half: “This is Barry Gray again.”

For reference, Gray had laid out on his desk, near the microphone, an index card for each guest, bearing the guest’s name and occupation. From time to time, he read commercials from the open black notebook. The guests seemed to be a little hesitant about discussing such matters as the ins and outs of record promotion, and how a record becomes a hit, and during the next break Gray sat back and said, “I get the impression everybody’s defensive, and I’m trying to get a lively discussion going. Everybody acts as though they’re on trial. I want an exchange—you know? A question-and-answer thing is dreadful.” Several of the guests started to reply, but he cut them off cheerfully, saying, “Don’t waste it. Say it on the air,” and a moment later the taping was resumed. The next portion went much better. Gray expressed shock when one of the record people said that many teen-agers today receive an allowance of ten dollars a week. “My father used to give me a stick and say ‘Go play,’ ” said Gray. Once, when he didn’t understand an answer, he said, “Smooth that out for me,” and later, when one of the guests said, “Barry, I really must differ with you,” he replied vigorously, “I *want* you to!”

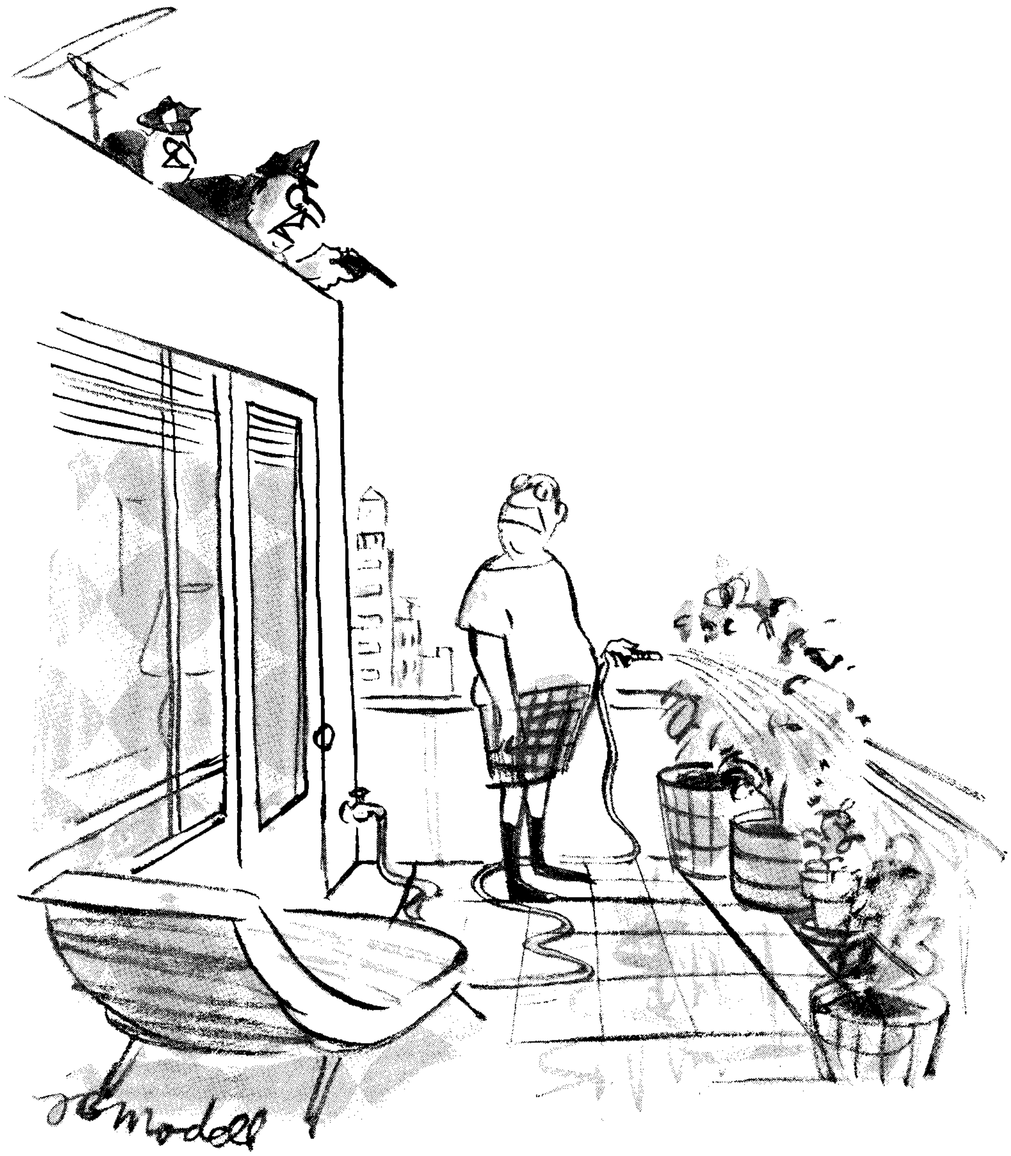
After the taping was over and the guests had departed, Gray admitted that it had been unusually tough sledding. “I’m not a moderator,” he said. “I’m a protagonist. I like to get people I like to fight with or people I like to agree with. I try to pick people according to how warm they are, how giving. We don’t necessarily talk about the person’s book or movie, or whatever; we get the plug out of the way and then talk about the person as a human being. The idea is to put people together to make electricity. Once, a guest of mine got so mad at another guest that he threw a cup of water right in his face. The poor guy sat there for the rest of the show with water dripping off his glasses.” Gray beamed. “I never pre-interview people,” he said. “If I get into the room at ten-thirty, we all start talking, and by the time we’re on the air, at eleven-five, everything’s over. So I wait and go into the studio almost at the last minute, and then everything is fresh and bright. I do the same for taping. I never touch a guy where it hurts. There’s a law of diminishing returns doing that. You get a track record of that kind, and after a while you run out of people. If you know a guy is having a messy divorce, or something, you just don’t step on that toe.” He stood up. “Otherwise, the show is completely uncontrolled. The freedom on WMCA is unbelievable. I don’t think there’s freedom like this on any other station in America.”



“Why can’t those people leave peace to the experts?”

Gray started out of the studio, carrying his coat. “I’ve been doing this kind of program since 1946,” he said. “My first radio job was when I was about nineteen. I was the announcer for a show in Los Angeles that came from Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom’s night club. I was earning twenty-eight dollars a week. When I started doing this show in New York, after the war, on another station, it was an all-night show—mostly actors. I’ve grown more conservative, politically, over the years. In 1947, I thought the Chinese Communists were agrarian reformers, but I didn’t know anything then. I hadn’t travelled at all. Since then, I’ve been all over the world, and it tends to change your approach. It’s far different from sitting in New York and making up your mind from what you read in the *Times*. After the show, I go home, go to bed with a Scotch and my reading glasses, and read the magazines and newspapers, and I dip into books that I think might interest me. If a book hooks me, I keep on going, read the whole thing, and we'll have the author on the show; if not, that's the end of it."

Gray said goodbye and suggested we drop in on the next night's program, which would be a political discussion.



"All right, Mac! Drop it!"

• •

WE arrived for the show just as Gray himself did. He was wearing a gray-green shirt with thin stripes, slacks, and what appeared to be beach shoes. He greeted the first guests—State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, whom he addressed by the courtesy term of General, and Marshall Peck, a newspaper reporter—and immediately began an on-the-air discussion of the impending New York mayoralty campaign. Gray and Peck kept after the Attorney General in an attempt to extract from him an evaluation of some of the possible Democratic candidates, but they had to settle for a continuous resounding endorsement of John Lindsay. Then, during the first news break, the studio door opened and Richard Aldrich, the tall, beefy Republican City Councilman-at-Large, and State Senator Manfred Ohrenstein, a Democrat-Liberal from Manhattan, entered. The four guests engaged in a spontaneous, hearty backslapping reunion, and the studio rang with wisecracks and laughter. Mr. Lefkowitz unleashed a few candid opinions in private that he had withheld from the listening audience, and someone remarked to Gray that David Susskind was going to run for Lindsay's seat in Congress. "I know," said Gray, pretending to be worried. "If I go *for* him, I'm a company man; if I go against him, I'm a rat fink." More speculation and gossip followed, and Gray yelled, "Save it for the air!" Lefkowitz departed, Aldrich and Ohrenstein settled into their swivel chairs, a short off-the-air discussion of skiing followed, and then they were on the air.

The talk instantly turned to John Lindsay again. Aldrich began berating Ohrenstein for failing to endorse such a truly independent candidate, and Ohrenstein began lashing at Aldrich for denying that Lindsay was anything but a tool of Nixon, Thomas E. Dewey, and Ray Bliss.

"Wait! Wait! One at a time!" Gray cried happily, and as the tempers flared, he murmured, "Oh boy, oh boy," sounding less alarmed than amused.

The talk turned to the city budget, whereupon Gray said, "I think you're both beating a dead horse," and presently, as Ohrenstein's voice rose, he pointed out, "Friend, you're in high gear, and we've only been here twelve minutes!" A few moments later, he admonished Ohrenstein benignly, "Cool it." When possible Democratic candidates for mayor were being discussed, Gray asked Ohrenstein what weaknesses Paul Screvane might have as a candidate.

"First, I'd like to discuss his strengths," replied Ohrenstein.

"That was very well played," Gray murmured admiringly.

After a short break for news, the men began a discussion of the flaws in the Kennedy-Keating senatorial campaign (the sole, and celebrated, face-to-face debate between Kennedy and Keating took place on Gray's program the night of October 30th), and at one point Aldrich declared that he had kept silent because he didn't want to interrupt Gray, not because he agreed with him. Gray responded gleefully, "I'll get my turn. There'll be tomorrow night and you won't *be* here, *bubie!*" A few minutes after that, Gray was rapping the table to restore order as the two men argued loudly and simultaneously. "Friends! Friends!" he cried, unheard, and then he was pounding the table with an ashtray, a half smile on his face, as the furious voices clashed and soared into the listening night.

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OVERHEARD at a Madison Avenue Longchamps, black-tied waiter to customer who had just asked for some bottled beer: "What kind of beer do you want—imported or exported?"

THE ASSISTANT

THE alarm clock went off, and she did not remember setting it. It was a small clock, brass-plated, with a dial that was less than two inches in diameter, and the noise-making apparatus of it was annoying but not powerful enough to be commanding. Without stirring from her pillow she looked at it and said the first defiant thing that came into her head—and let it ring itself down. Then, before closing her eyes again, she looked to see what time of the afternoon it was. It was half past five.

She closed her eyes and dozed off into an enjoyable half sleep, rather delicious it was because it was stolen sleep. Half past five itself meant nothing to her, but half past six might mean something. Half past six, or more likely, seven o'clock. Seven o'clock. What was there that she had to do, where was there that she had to be, at seven o'clock that would cause her to set her alarm clock for half past five? Seven o'clock was the time, all right. It would take her at least an hour to dress, and another half hour to get anywhere. She was to meet someone at seven o'clock, or at seven o'clock someone was coming here to her apartment. The big question was not so much where as who.

Now she reached out and with the skill of a blind person she took a cigarette out of a china box, and with somewhat less confidence she groped around the night table until her fingers found a lighter. With her eyes still closed, to protect her eyes from the glare—sometimes that first flame lighting that first cigarette could be as blinding as the bomb on Nagasaki—she brought the lighter to the end of the cigarette and took in that first shallow drag. Now, to all intents and purposes, she had come awake, or as a friend of hers was fond of saying, had rejoined the human race. George Waller. As he took his first drink of the day, he would nearly always say that he was rejoining the human race. He had got it out of a book somewhere. She wished it was as easy to remember whom she had a date with as it was to remember George Waller—or to forget George Waller, for that matter.

Less tentatively she took a fuller drag on her cigarette and sat on the edge of the bed, scratching little itches with her free hand and rubbing the area of the right clavicle. It was a little too soon to know how she was going to feel when she got to her feet, but so far the day was not as bad as some had been lately. Bravely, she stood up and went to the kitchen and put the water on to boil. By the time she finished her first visit to the bathroom the water would be ready for the instant coffee. Certain things she did methodically, no matter what might be said about her life in general. She was not, for instance, going to rack her brain with her seven-o'clock problem until she had had some coffee.

It was not necessary.

On the kitchen table, under a pepper mill to keep it from being blown away, was a note: "Seven p.m. Jimmy R." It was in her handwriting, and now it all came back to her. She poured the hot water over the two teaspoonfuls of coffee powder, stirred it, put in a lump of sugar, took a sip, lit another cigarette, and slowly drank the strong hot brew. Jimmy Rhodes, who had brought her home from the party last night, was coming for a drink at seven o'clock, and her entire future could depend on what happened then.

IN all the years she had been in show business, all the parties she had gone to, the meals and drinks she had had at the old Romanoff's, the new Romanoff's, at "21" and Elmer's, the Copa and the Chez in Chicago, the This and the That in cities all over the country, the Savoy and the 400 in London, Maxim's and the Bœuf in Paris—she had never met Jimmy Rhodes until last night. He had said exactly the same thing. "You know, Maggie, we should of met before this. I been hearing about you since—well, I go back to when you were singing with the old Jack Hillyer band."

"For*get* it," she said. "My God, you know my exact age."

"Within a year or two, most likely. Where you living now? Here, or on the Coast?"

"Oh, here," she said.

"Yeah, I guess the Coast is through," he said.

"Not for TV," she said.

"No, I guess not for TV, but who cares about TV?"

"I do. I go out there every so often to do a guest shot," she said.

"Well, I don't watch it much. What about Vegas?"

"They don't pay anything," she said.

"You know, I heard that, too," he said. "I heard some of those people supposed to be getting like twenty-five Gs, I hear it's closer to two or three."

"If that, in a lot of cases," she said. "There's nothing there for me."

"Well, you don't have to work anyway, do you?"

"No, I don't have to. Unless I want to eat. Whose gag is it? I formed a bad habit when I was young. Eating."

"Come on, I thought you—"

"That's what everybody thinks," she said. "Do you think I'd take some of the jobs I take if I still had all that glue?"

"Well, it was over a million bucks, wasn't it?"

"It was nowhere near that," she said. "The papers called it a million-dollar settlement, but what it actually was was twenty-five thousand dollars a year. It'd take me forty years to get a million. So now you know. And I had lawyers to pay."

"Didn't you make Robinson pay the lawyers?"

"That was part of the settlement, yes. But it didn't end there. In other words, the money my lawyers got from the Robinsons didn't entitle me to a free ride for the rest of my life."

"What was the inside on that story, Maggie?"

"The inside? There wasn't any inside, unless you want me to tell you what Robinson was like in the hay, and there you'd be wasting your time, because I wouldn't tell you. Not because I want to protect him. He didn't care what people thought about him, but I just as soon forget about it. And I more or less have. That was a long time ago, and I've had to work for a living. I met worse than Robbie since then."

"Did he beat you?"

"Sure he beat me. That was all proved in court."

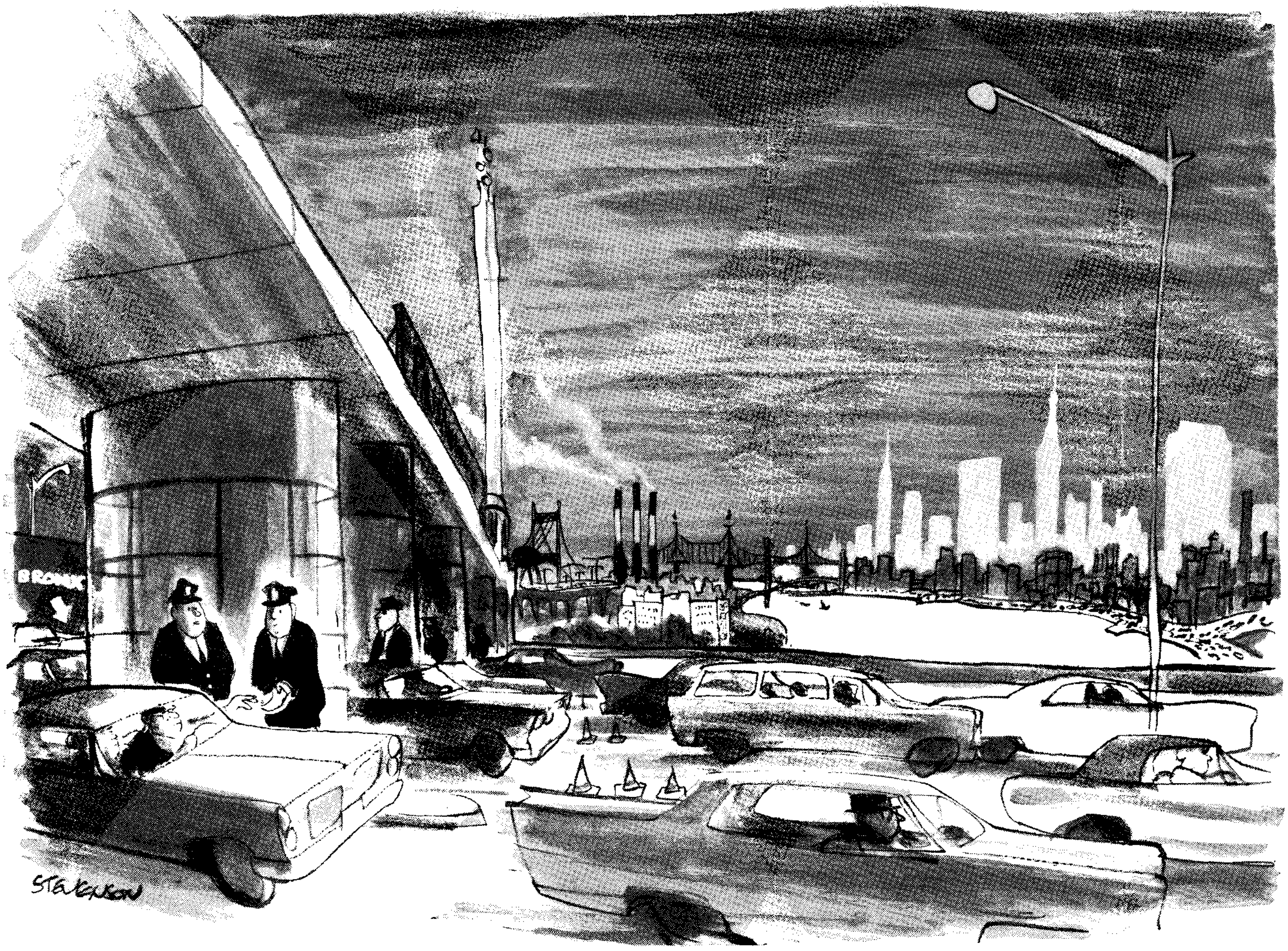
"And that caused you to lose the child?"

"Yes. The Robinsons' own doctor had to admit that," she said. "You got me talking about things I stopped talking about seventy-five years ago. Why?"

"Well, I always wanted to meet you. I was in the Army when your case came to trial, but I followed it in the papers."

"I didn't know you were ever in the Army," she said.

"The Army, and then the Air



"The way I see it, they give us a quarter and we swing wide the gates of a great metropolis."

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Force. I was in Air Force public relations, mostly."

"Well, that figures," she said. "What were you?"

"I came out a major."

"No, I meant what did you do?"

"Oh—a little of this and a little of that. Public relations. I handled the war correspondents from the big papers and press associations. Fellows I knew in civilian life. And some of the big political brass."

"What did you do? Get girls for them?"

"Well, yes, I introduced them to a few girls. How did you happen to pick that out?"

"I didn't pick it out, exactly. You were kind of famous for that, weren't you?"

"At one time, maybe. But I don't have to do that any more."

"Now you're a big shot. Well, I know that, too. I mean, I see your name in the papers. Jimmy Rhodes, James K. Rhodes Associates, Inc., and all that jazz."

"Why do you want to put me on, Maggie? If I did a little pimping twenty years ago, are you gonna hold it against me now? You ought to come and have a look at my office. I have forty-two people working for me. Six Harvard graduates. Two Vassar girls. A Bryn Mawr girl. I got a half a dozen of my people that are in the *Social Register*. I got the daughter of a United States senator and I just took on a retired major general of the Air Force. I got offices in London, Paris, and Madrid."

"My, you're so important I'm surprised you'd even talk to me," she said.

"Well, there were some things I wanted and I never got," he said. "You were one of them."

"Maybe you should have tried a little harder. I was as they say available."

"Not always, and I had a wife a good deal of the time. Two kids. A daughter just graduated from Wellesley last June, and my son's a junior at Princeton."

"You said you had a wife. Past tense. What happens there?"

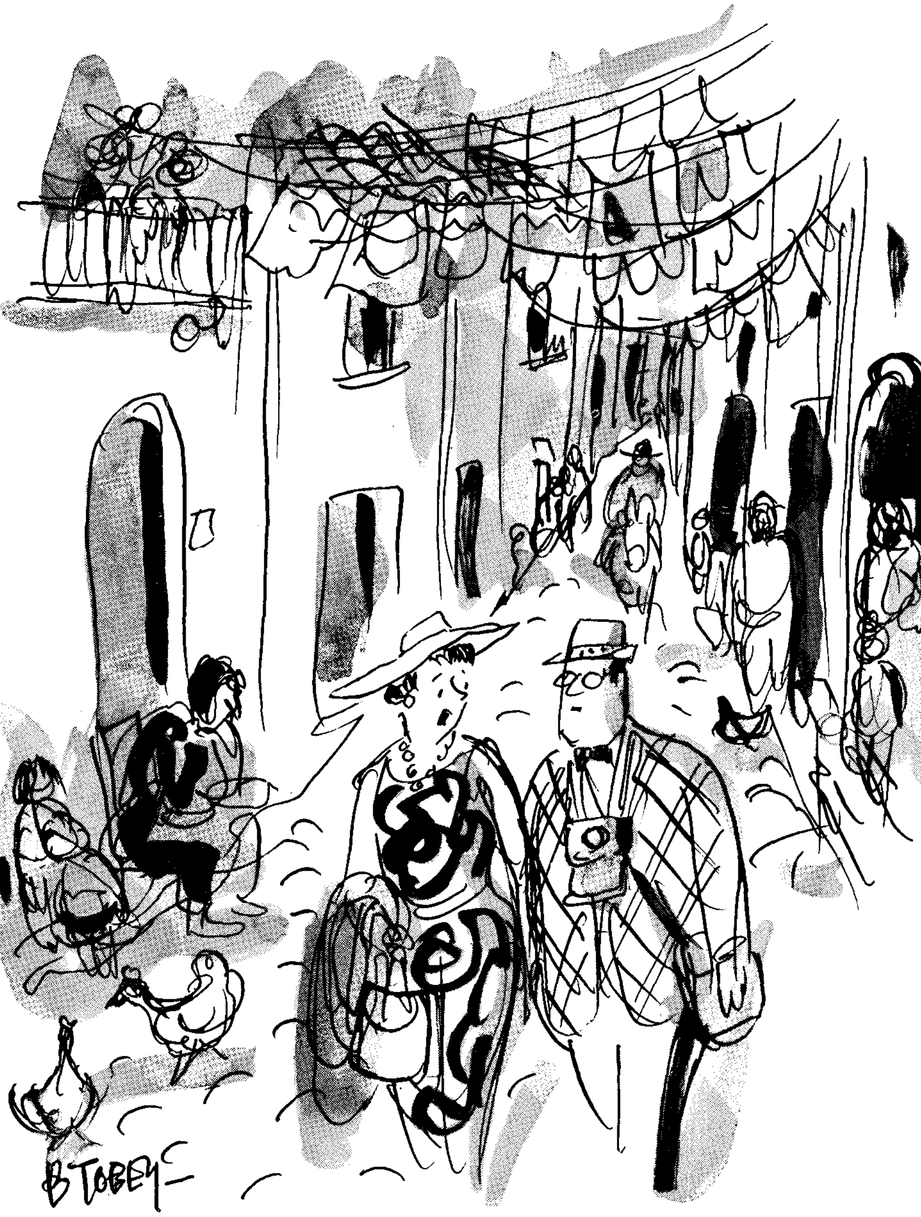
"Well, she's married again. Married a fellow he's now the managing editor of a paper out West. He was one of the guys I got a girl for in London, and then he came home and moved in on my wife. They were cheating on me for four or five years before I ever got wise to it."

"And all that time you were behaving like a model husband."

"No, I couldn't say that. But when they had me up before that Senate committee, that was when my wife and her boy friend hit me with the divorce suit, and I didn't stand a chance. She got the children, and a bundle of dough. I was practically fighting for my life with those senators. I very nearly went to the cooler. And one night during the hearings I dropped in the Statler and you were there."

"I remember that date. Ted Straeter's band. A two weeks' booking and they held me over another week."

"It was before you married Robin-



"Why don't they have a war on poverty like ours?"

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son. He had a table at ringside. I stood. I didn't have a table. And you sang 'More Than You Know,' which I'd never heard you sing before. And 'So in Love.' Those are two I remember. They were giving it to me but *good* in the Senate Office Building, and on top of that my wife's lawyer had got in touch with my lawyer. I had about seventy-five Scotches and I said to myself, this was the night to move in on Maggie Muldoon. So I said to the maître d., a friend of mine from the old days, how about fixing it up for me? He shook his head. 'Not a prayer, Jimmy,' he said. He pointed to Robinson. 'Een like Fleen,' he said. And he was right."

"Yes, I married Robbie two weeks later," she said.

"I know you did. That was as close as I ever came to meeting you."

"Well, where would we be now if you had?" she said.

"Sixteen years. Seventeen years," he said. "You lasted four years with Robinson, and then you married another fellow. How long did that last?"

"Two."

"What was his name again?" he said.

"Dick Hemmendinger. Guitar player. Ladies' man. Junkie. Crossword-puzzle expert. And financial wizard—with my money. He died of pneumonia."

"Or froze to death? You ought to know, but didn't I read about him freezing to death?"

"Yes, you could have. They found him in an alleyway in Toronto, Canada. But it was pneumonia. Nobody ever knew what he was doing in Canada. I hadn't heard from him in over a year, and I have to admit I hoped he was gone for good. Well, he was. He was very pretty when I first met him. Kind of on the order of Eddy Duchin. That kind of looks. *And* a good guitar player. But a bum, in spades."

"What did you, marry him on the rebound?"

"Oh, I don't know. He was with Hillyer when I first started out with the bands, but I was Hillyer's girl then. My God, I thought Jack Hillyer was all a girl could ask for. I would of no more thought of cheating on Hillyer, and he was paying me two hundred a week, except weeks when the horses weren't running so good. Most people used to complain about one-nighters, but I didn't. I liked the one-nighters. That meant I got paid. But when we got booked into a hotel or a club date, then Jack'd make a contact with the local bookmakers and I could never be sure if I was going to get paid that week. So a couple times I had to borrow money from the sidemen, like Dick Hemmendinger. For coffee and cakes. Lipstick. The hairdresser. I remember one night in Boston, I showed up with my hair all straggly and no makeup on and Hillyer took a look at me and blew his lid. 'That's what you get,' I said. After that he never held out the whole two hundred, but when he broke up the band he was still in me for over a thousand. And the price of one abortion. But imagine having a kid by that louse, what he probably would have been like. Anyway, that was how I first got to know Dick, and then he wrote me a very sympathetic letter when I was in court with Robbie. I saw Jack Hillyer about two weeks ago, standing at the corner of Fifty-second and Broadway. Over there near the Local 802 offices. You know, he was just standing there on the curbstone, not *with* anybody, and he looked about seventy-five years old. I could still recognize him, but he was old. He even had a cane. I went up and said hello to him. I said, 'Do you remember me, Jack?' And he looked at me, but I'm positive he's blind in one eye. 'Yes, hello there,' he said. But he didn't know me. 'It's the Muldoon,' I said, and he said, 'The Muldoon, oh yes. The Muldoon.' Then when he said it a couple times he remembered me. I asked him what he was doing and he said he was around looking for musicians. He said he was starting up a new band. The big-name bands were coming back, he said, and he'd been talking to—then he named off a half a dozen musicians, and at least half of them were dead. He said he was going out with an integrated band and he was getting Fletcher Henderson to do most of his arrangements. Well, how long is it since Fletch passed on? Is it ten years? It's at least five. He looked just awful, Hillyer. Clean, but an old polo coat and a Tyrolian hat with a feather in it. This man I'd been to bed with a hundred times or more, and there he was all wrapped up in an old polo coat that was too big for him. So was his hat. His hat was too big for him, it sort of rested on his ears. And his chin kind of kept moving up and down, even when he wasn't talking. You know, I was brought up a Catholic and I thought I got over all that a long time ago, but standing there talking to Jack Hillyer, this man I used to quiver when he touched me, I suddenly after all these years got a guilty conscience. Sin. I committed sin with this old man. I didn't, you know. I mean, I slept with him all those times, but then he was young and built like a lifeguard. Shoulders, and no waistline. I never thought of sin in those days. But here he looked like he could of been my own father, and that made me feel like I ought to tell the whole thing in confession. His neck. The back of his neck so thin and weak-looking. I didn't mind the lies he was telling. He was always a liar. In fact, that was all that was left of the original Jack, the lies. I don't know how to explain it, how he made me feel sinful. Anyway, I said to him I remembered I owed him twenty dollars from the old days, and I was glad I ran into him. He took the twenty dollars and looked at it, and I knew it would have killed him to part with it, but he said, 'Well, if you're sure you can spare it,' and I said yes, and he stuffed it in his coat pocket. Then something went through his mind and it slowly dawned on him that he actually had twenty dollars on him, and he said how would I like to go to Charlie's and have a drink, but I said I had to run. And he began to remember me. I mean, you could see that something was telling him that he used to sleep with me, and he said we ought to get together. In the voice of an old man, with his chin moving up and down. And I said to call me, I was in the phone book, which I'm not, and it wouldn't of made any difference because he'd already forgotten my name. So I said goodbye and left him standing there. I saw him put his hand in his pocket and feel the money, but he just kept standing there."

"Jack Hillyer," said Jimmy Rhodes.

She took a long sip of her drink.

"You thinking about Hillyer?" he said.

"I'm thinking about you. There's something you told me and it isn't quite kosher."

"No? What's that? What did I say?"

"Some things I remember and some things I don't, especially before and after I had seventy-five drinks. But I know this much, Mr. Jimmy Rhodes Associates. You're some kind of a liar."

"I'm a habitual liar," he said.

"You are? So am I. That is, I'll tell one to get out of something any time. Mind you, I don't like to be a liar, but in this rat race that I been in for the past seventy-five years, I never knew anybody that wasn't a liar. Sooner or later, you catch them. But I caught you right away. You said you read about my divorce while you were in the Army, but the war was over when I got my divorce. I didn't even marry Robbie till after the war, and if you think back a minute, you just proved it. By your touching little story about being in Washington when I was working at the Statler. That was a couple years after the war. I ought to know when I got married. You see this rock? Six carats. Robbie gave it to me the week we got married, and it's just about the last thing I got left of his presents. But if you wanted to take the trouble to look inside, if you had a magnifying glass, you'd find the date. April the fifth, 1948. So that makes you a liar."

"Well, it wasn't much of a lie. I got a little mixed up, that's all."

"Perfectly all right," she said. "I knew there was something wrong about your stories, because I made a record of 'So in Love,' and I had Robbie at the studio with me. It was the first time he ever saw a recording date, and that had to be at least a couple years after the war."

"Don't tell me you're still in love with Robinson," he said.

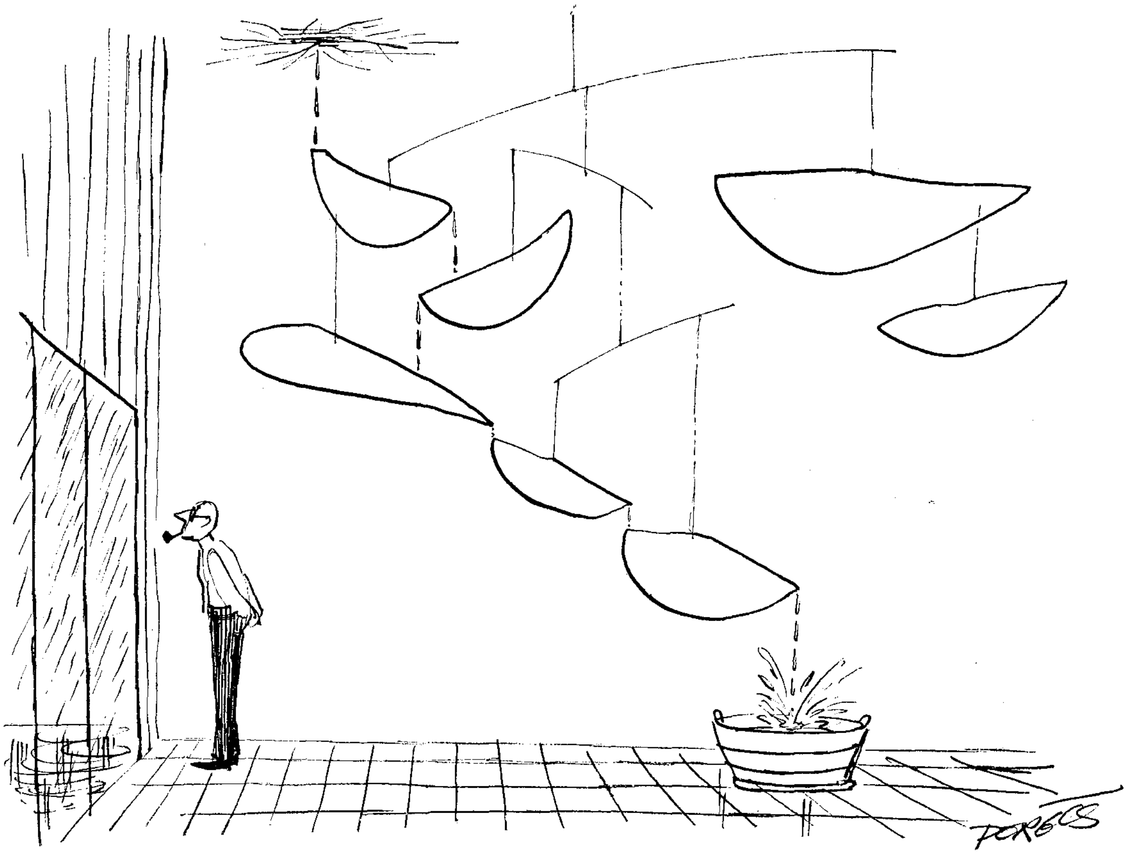
"Well, maybe I am. You know, I get these moments when I think back over some fellow. Sometimes it's Robbie. Sometimes it'll be Jack Hillyer. Dick Hemmendinger. George Waller."

"There's George Waller over there in front of the fireplace."

"I know. I came with him. We're nothing now, but we did a little swinging a few years ago. Now I just call him up when I want somebody to take me to a party and I don't have an escort. George went fag a couple years ago."

"That's what I was wondering," he said.

"But every damn one of them—and I didn't give you the whole box score—

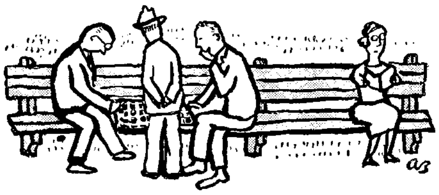


they all meant something to me at the time. You take like Hillyer, Jack Hillyer. I was a young kid singing with a band and I was naturally stuck on Hillyer. But if I didn't get stuck on Hillyer, I was the only girl travelling with fifteen musicians and every one of them more or less on the make. I knew one girl—well, never mind. She was with a bigger band than Hillyer's, and she went through them all. But lucky for me I liked Hillyer, and the guys working for him didn't try very hard. Then I went into a couple of shows, and radio, and I married Robbie. He was a dumb cluck, but he had all that glue. And I want to tell *you*, any time I hear anybody talking about the rich people and the way they live, they can ask me, because Robbie's family were really loaded. And I had close to four years of that. They didn't like me, but I was their son's wife, so I got the full treatment. My own personal maid, my own personal car with a chauffeur. I could go to the best restaurants in town and I didn't even have to sign the tab. They put the tips on. Twenty per cent for the waiter, ten per cent for the captain. I didn't even have to sign my initials. Of course when you have to level and be the man's wife, just you and him, that's the payoff. You're just the same as if you were married to a thirty-five-dollar-a-week guy like my father was, back in Hazleton, P.A. Not that Robbie was so bad. But after Hillyer he was kind of nothing and he knew it, and that's why he began using me for a punching bag. Someday I knew I'd have to go back to work, and I didn't want him to ruin my looks, so one day I just walked out and didn't come back. There was no objections by his family, and they sent me all my jewelry and clothes. They kept the Cessna. I had a little Cessna I learned to fly, and I logged over two hundred hours in it, but it belonged to some corporation of Mr. Robinson's. It was the only real fun I had all the time I was married to Robbie, was flying that airplane. That, and getting gassed. My grandfather was a lush, and my old man was a strict temperance man, but I take after my grandfather. He used to hold up a glass of whiskey in front of him and smile at it and say, 'My assistant.' He always called it his assistant. So do I, but people don't know what I'm talking about. They think I'm saying my 'assistance,' but they're wrong. I consider it my assis-tant. I don't know what I'd do without my assistant."

"Would you care for another assistant?" said Rhodes.

"You don't call this an assistant, what's in my glass now. Sure."

She opened her purse and looked at herself in the mirror. Her makeup did not need refreshing, and Jimmy Rhodes had been sitting quite close to her for a good half hour. So long as she held up her chin it did not double up, and all things considered—as she looked around at the other women at the party—she did not have to apologize for her appearance. She had been a star, she had been the wife of the heir to a fairly famous fortune, and in the world in which she lived and even beyond it she did not need an introduction. Everyone knew who she was. Jimmy Rhodes certainly knew who she was; he had been having a ball. It



VIEW FROM THE GORGE

(CUERNAVACA)

Doré knew this overhang—
                                        he cut
his cortège for the damned, on those levels,
to carom on the magnets and springs, in the banging
of gongs and the lights of his pinball *commedia.*
In his black-and-white
world, the ascents and descents of the Gorge,
the roots like a fistful of entrails, the hachure
of pitchblende and acid that abuts
on that ordered logistics for sinners
lead to a fall or a forge.
                                        The odds
are already well known: electric displays for the winners,
and the damned circling down toward the hammers.

What holds me today
is the purgatorial moment, seen small on the opposite side,
on the tilt of the slope where the gardeners
move in the marzipan whiteness squared off
like a waffle. Quicklime
has dazzled the glass of the greenhouses there,
sugared the ovens of Hänsel and Gretel
where a work of redemption begins
in the alternate lines of the cuttings—bougainvillaea
and palm, on the ledges—blazing giddily in buckets and tins.

Some loving solicitude has motioned the mannikins there
to hover like dragonflies and settle like seeds in the air—
to balance all day
on a long foot, for purchase, with the shorter
doubled into their shoulders—penitential, half mantis,
half angel, on a causeway of manna and boulders.

And the moment suffices.
What lies plane at the top,
like a sponge-rubber glaze for an architect's table
or a primitive frieze for a ceiling,
what we guess from below, in the clot of the mangroves:
the generations of Rahab, the fires and the basalt of Dante, the bones
of the beast of Apocalypse, Quetzalcoatl
and Grendel in the offal and trash of our sins—
these were an earlier fable.

Inbetween, go the gardeners, with the grace of the hummingbird's
balance, who bend to the slope
in the quicklime and flowers, planting knowns
and unknowns, because sun shines exceedingly there
and the spirit is willing.

—BEN BELITT

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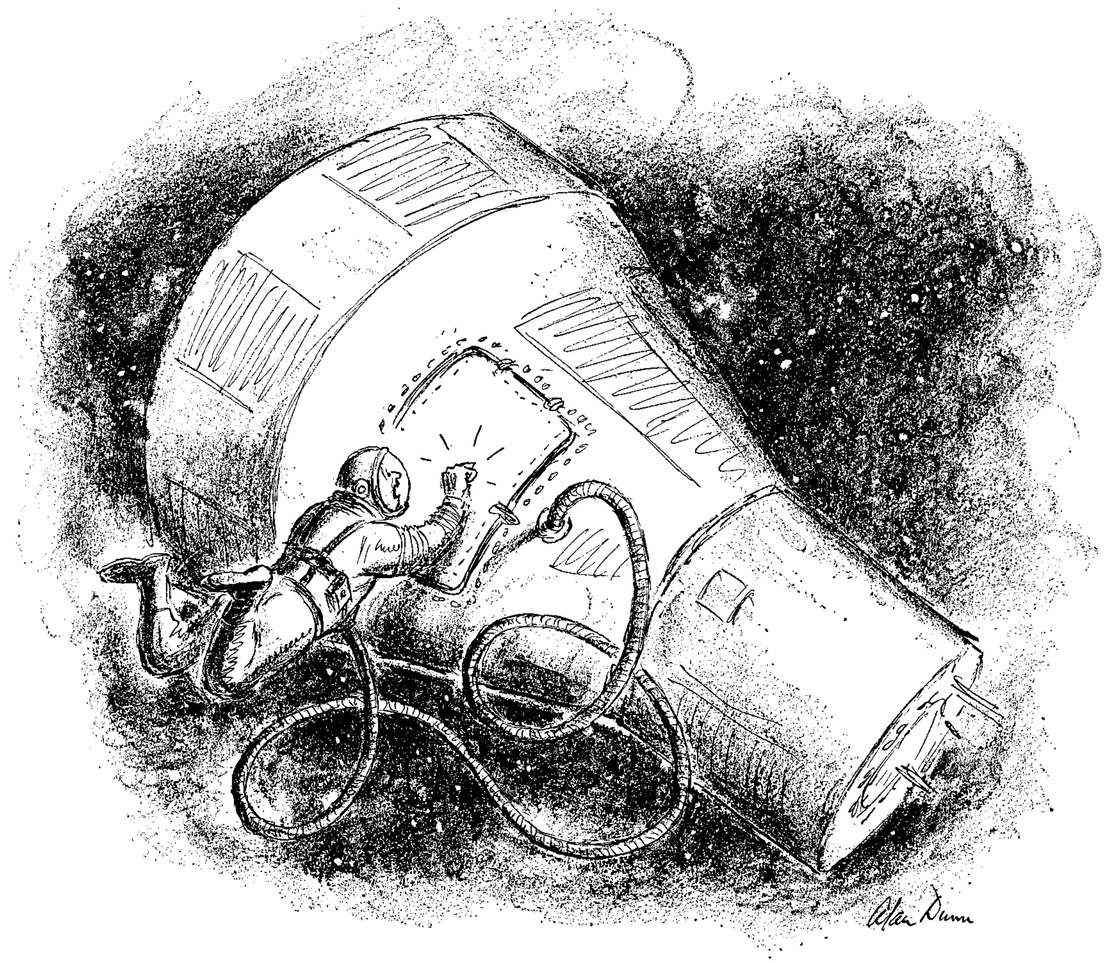

"It's me—Harry!"

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was too bad that there was not more to him. He was masculine enough, with a clear and practically unwrinkled complexion. About half of his front hair was gone, but he had all his teeth and obviously he had used them on many good steaks. He was probably twenty-five pounds overweight. His dinner jacket was not what Robbie would have worn—the lapels too narrow, and touches of satin piping at the pockets and on the sleeve. His shoes were funny; patent leather with tassels. And his shirt was frilled down the middle. The rims of his glasses were just a little thicker than they had to be and the lenses were larger than most. There was thought behind everything he had on, and behind the thought no taste. She had learned, in four years, to look at men's attire as Robbie's father or the Robinson butler would look at it, and Jimmy Rhodes was all wrong. Instinctively all wrong. With a great deal of care, all wrong. By the way he had pulled down the jacket when he got up to get her highball, she knew he thought he was all right. He had six Harvard graduates working for him, and nobody to tell him anything.

"Your assistant," he said, handing her the glass.

"Don't you drink?" she said.

"Never after dinner," he said. "I got no taste for it. The same way with smoking. I quit smoking right after I got outa the service. I like to be in good physical condition."

"What for?"

He laughed. "Well, I'm not a weight-lifter. But I can pick up say about a hundred and thirty pounds."

"Close," she said. "I'm a hundred and thirty-two."

"I judged you to be somewhere in there."

"Do you play the field, or do you go steady?" she said.

"Oh, the field. No more wedding bells for me."

"How do you get away with it?" she said.

"How do I get away with it? Well, for a while I used to tell them I was carrying the torch for Grace Kelly. I never even met Grace Kelly, but I owe her a debt of gratitude."

"Send her a planeload of Texas millionaires."

"They don't gamble," he said.

"They don't?"

"They spend it, some of them, but not foolishly, like you and I would. A Texan'll buy a cream-colored Rolls-Royce for thirty thousand dollars, but don't forget he has the Rolls after he spent that money."

"Who'd want a cream-colored Rolls?"

"Me. I happen to have one downstairs. Wuddia say we take a ride in it? As soon as you're finished with your assistant. Don't hurry."

"Where is this ride going to take us?"

"Well, I have an apartment over on Park."

"Not far enough."

"All right, where is your apartment?"

"That's too far. Much too far," she said.

"Like how far?" he said.

"A lot farther than you're gonna get," she said.

"Do you wanta bet?"

"Not on a sure thing. I'm not a Texan. I don't mind betting but not on a sure thing."

"Why? Don't you like me?"

"The funny thing is, I do," she said.

"What's funny about it? A lot of dames like me."

"Well, *I* like you," she said.

"Then what's funny about it?"

"It's kind of hard to put into words," she said.

"You're a good talker. You know how to express yourself. Go ahead."

"Well, I like you, but you could never mean anything to me."

"Why not?"

"You don't give out enough. A man has to give out, and you don't. Didn't any other girl ever tell you that?"

"They not only didn't tell me that, but I never even heard about this giving out. You mean like an extrovert?"

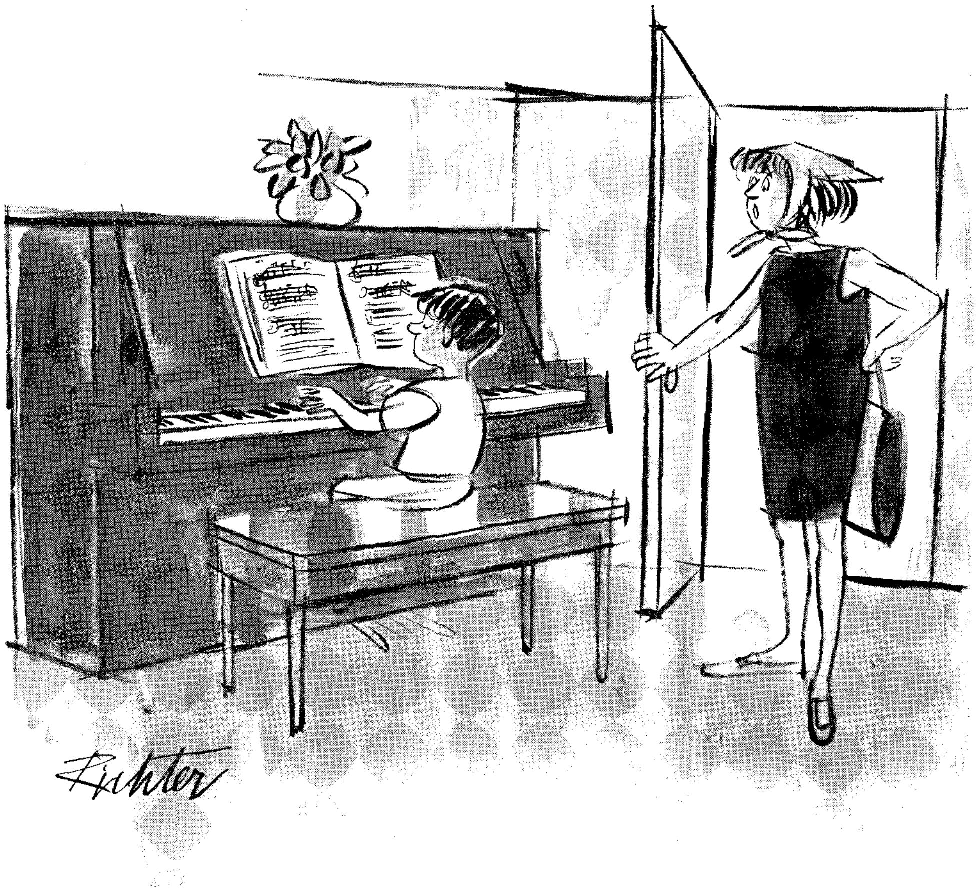
"That's a word I never knew the definition of. Try something else."

"Well, a guy that's always giving out, I guess. I give out, but I always keep something in reserve."

"That's what I mean. You keep more in reserve than you give out."

"I guess that's true."

"See, that's where we differ. I give



"Is this your idea of Little League?"

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out. With a song, I always gave out. I couldn't belt one like The Merm, but in my own style I always gave out like I was never gonna sing another number the rest of my life. They used to tell me to modulate, but I couldn't modulate. My agents and the a. and r. men at the record companies used to pick numbers for me that I had to modulate, but I gave out anyway. It worked out pretty good on some recordings. Look what Peggy Lee did with 'Lover.' A sickly kind of a waltz that she took and just whaled the hell out of it into an exciting number. Peggy and Ella. This new kid, Eydie Gormé, she might make it. Although she isn't getting to be a kid any more. One more assistant and then I think I'll cut out of here."

"Have it with me, at my apartment."

"Now don't start to be a bore, Jimmy. If you want to take me home, all right. But if you got any ideas about tonight, forget it. I had about seventy-five drinks tonight, and if Richard Burton came knocking on my door I'd send him away. I don't take anybody to my apartment when I made the load. There's two things I don't do. I don't smoke in bed, and I don't take strange guys to my apartment when I get saturated. Those are my only two rules, for my own protection. If you would of come over and introduced yourself to me earlier, it might be a different story. But I got a little bell inside of me that says, 'Maggie, no strange men tonight.' "

"In other words, if I would of come over when you only had thirty-seven and a half drinks? That's half of seventy-five," he said.

"Maybe. But the little bell rang about two hours ago."

"How about if I catch you early tomorrow?"

"How early?"

"We have a couple drinks and go some place for dinner," he said.

"All right. Why not? You call for me at seven o'clock."

HE had a cream-colored Rolls. She remembered that, but not much from then on. She got up from the kitchen table and made herself another cup of instant coffee. It was bringing her around. She lit another cigarette and sat down again and as she sipped the coffee she began making plans. Take a shower, and that would bring her to and she could have a vodka after her shower. She would wear her little black dress that actually did more for her figure than the new one with the deep décolletage. She had no idea where he would be taking her in the course of the evening, but she was determined to give him an altogether different impression from the one she had given him last night. The black dress would help there. She would space out her drinks, and if they saw any society people she would be sure to introduce him to them. Society people liked it when she spoke to them, even if they never invited her to their houses. She would show him that she knew how to order a meal—those little questions to the headwaiter, like "Is this hothouse asparagus, or fresh?" She would let him see any number of little things that she had picked up from the Robinsons' butler during those four years. She would come home sober and early, and if everything went as she planned, she soon would have nothing to worry about the rest of her life.

It was bad luck to sing before breakfast, but two coffees were all the breakfast she was going to have, and she hummed a tune as she rinsed out the cup and saucer. She went back to the bathroom and put on a rubber cap and took a shower. She towelled herself, put on her bra and panty girdle and dressing gown, and now she had earned her vodka.

The living room was still dark. She switched on the ceiling lights and went to the portable bar. And then she saw him, seated in one of the high-back chairs. "How the hell did *you* get here?" she said. But even before she finished the question she knew she would never get an answer from him. He was in an attitude of sleep, an unattractive attitude. His mouth was open, and so were his eyes. The poor slob, in his frilly shirt and tasselled shoes. For all she knew, or would ever know, he had died while waiting for her to call him to her room. The worst was his eyes, seen through those thick lenses.

She had her vodka, her assistant, and went to the telephone in her bedroom. The logical person to call was her lawyer, and she did not have to look up his number. She knew it by heart.

—JOHN O'HARA

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"This is the most impressive record of do-nothing that I have seen in my 36 years in Congress," Patman said. "When it comes to the proper policing of tax-exempt foundations, the Internal Revenue Service appears to be totally impaled in the quicksands of absolute inertia."—*The Post.*

Happened to us once. Was very painful.

THE VISIT

AT sixty-six, after she had passed innumerable tests, there came for my grandmother the test of her lifetime, one she was to fail; and it seemed hardly fair.

She was a tall, upright, silver-haired woman with large, bony hands spotted by time; simple and gracious, quite beautiful in her mauve or gray long dresses and her shawls. "Your grandmother is a wonderful woman," people would say to me, or, gazing at her in the garden, "Just look at her—doesn't she have the figure of a girl?"

As a girl of sixteen, she had come to Rome with her father, an American clergyman, and married there. Forty years later, though her hair had whitened, she still, it was true, looked like a girl—a tall, Puritan girl, full of good will. She was so optimistic that my mother couldn't take it. "But my dear Mother," she would say, and try to explain the hopelessness of a situation—only to be met by the same hopeful reaction. "Goodness, she doesn't see it, but *how* can she not see it?" my mother would say to us afterward, and bring her hands together. Nothing seemed to discourage my mother more than unwarrantable optimism. She was almost frightened by it.

My grandmother's sons and daughters—she had eight—always called her "*cara Madre*" ("dear Mother"), never simply "*Madre*." "What's this '*cara Madre*'?" a friend once asked, mystified. It was an odd form of address—I never heard it used by others—but it did show the affection and respect that they had for her.

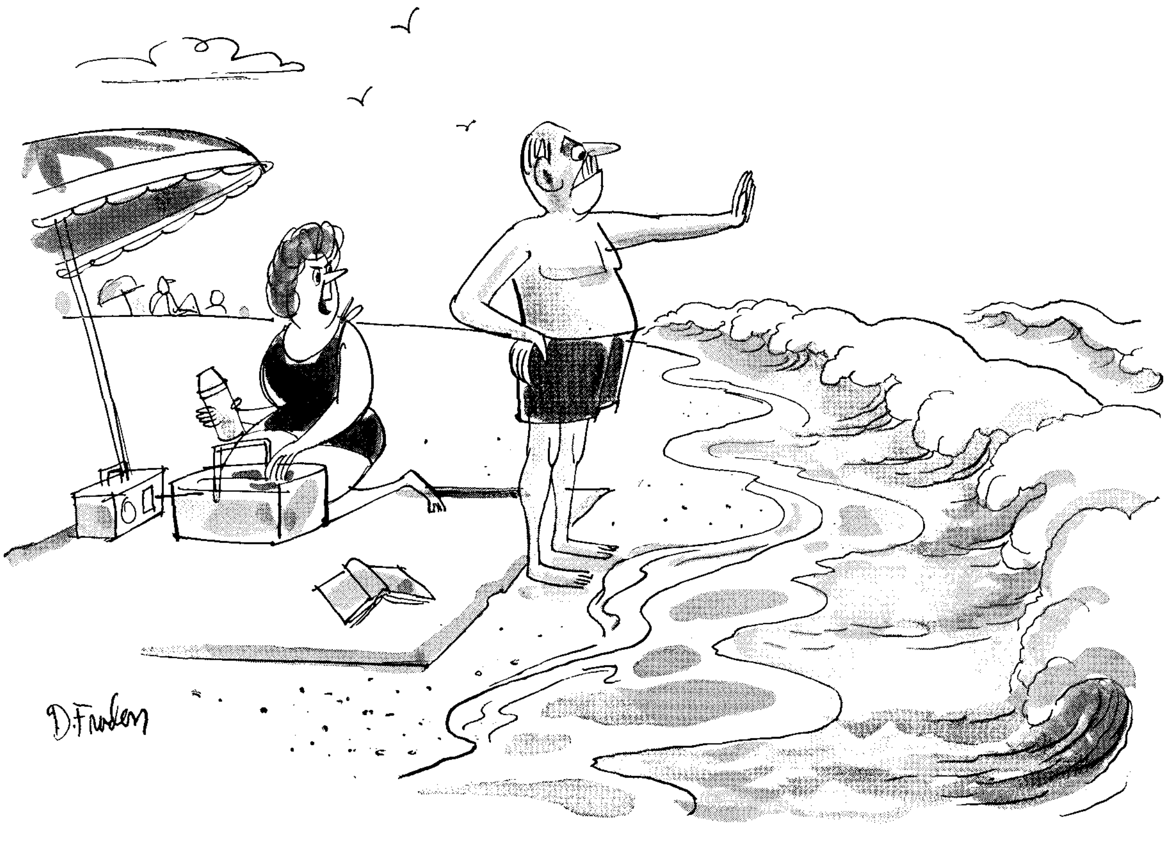
To us children, she seemed the picture of virtue—any virtue, but mainly, perhaps, justice. If my brothers and I quarrelled over a toy, she would seize it and say "Grandma's," and leave us gaping at her. It never entered our minds to question her, much less to wrest the toy from her hands.

Her hands. They were too big to be clever. Not cunning hands but good, strong hands that tried and did—washed children, dressed them, knit, cut, wrote—moving always with a little effort, like big instruments. They were not as wieldy as my mother's hands, which seemed to have in them a quick, creative sense and moved almost without effort, by themselves. Still, I admired my grandmother's earnest efforts.

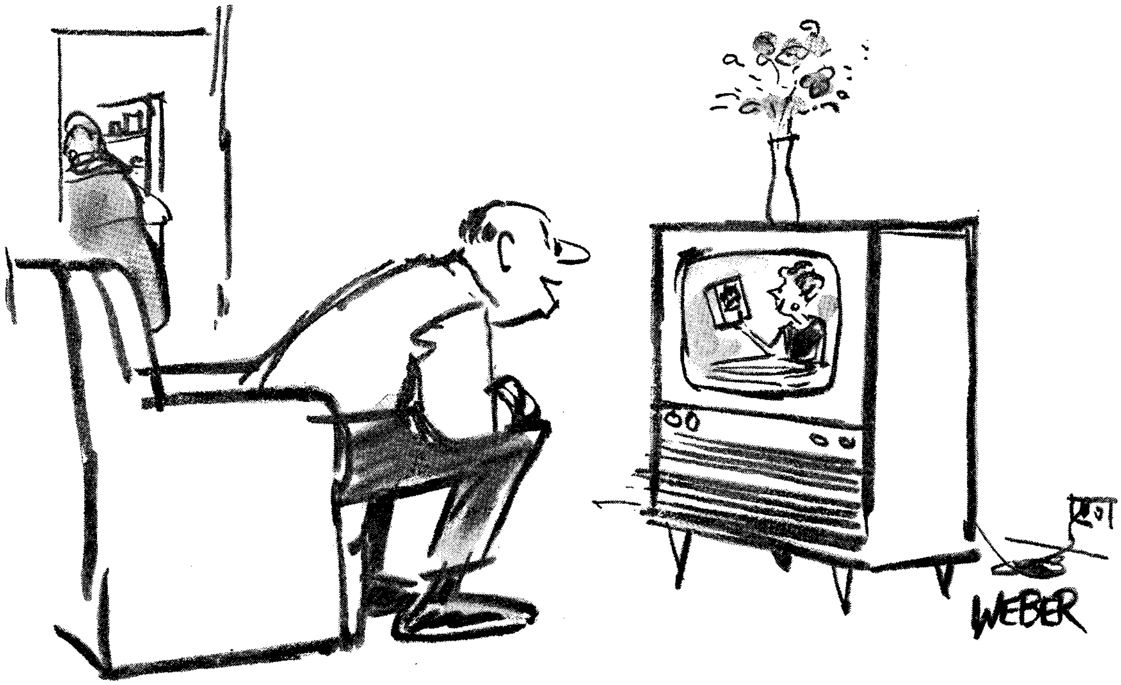
It was her optimism, I think, that blinded her to the defects of any close relative. She was full of praise for each one of them, ever thankful for having been "blessed" with them, as she said. She was thankful, too, for having partaken of life in two countries—America and Italy. She often spoke of her blessings; rarely, if ever, of her misfortunes. Yet she had many. A son had died of a fever as a small child; another in an accident, at twenty-three; her husband, a poet, while she was in her late fifties. But she still had three sons, three married daughters, eight grandchildren, and many friends. One of her sons was a well-liked surgeon, another—the youngest and perhaps closest, dearest to her—was an extraordinary young man. His name was Lauro.

I knew him when I was five and he was less than thirty. I remember him walking in the garden with my parents, his step much lighter and gayer than theirs, something about him winged. He had come over to see the house we had just bought. When the couple who had sold it to us finally walked out—and it seemed as though they never would—he broke into a dance and, jumping to reach some hideous curtains in the dining room, pulled them down one after the other. I remember him another time, by the sea—standing on a rock, then going to swim far out, becoming such a tiny dot I thought I would lose sight of him. Otherwise, my memory fails me. He was a great entertainer, both of children and of grownups—handsome, cheerful, high-spirited, and bright. An elegant scholar, he translated into Italian "Oedipus the King," "Antigone," and "Prometheus Bound." He wrote poems, and in 1928 received the prize for poetry at the Olympic contest in Amsterdam for a play called "Icarus." Icarus, Antigone, Prometheus were his heroes, and he sang them in his life and in his death.

In the nineteen-twenties, Italy's decline was becoming more evident with each year of Fascism. Civil liberties, so dearly won, were being struck down one by one. My uncle felt that something must be done—the spirit of protest kept alive, the despot overthrown. In 1928, he founded the National Alliance, and with some colleagues began sending circular letters to all parts of Italy. His mother helped him print them in the house. These activities



"Really, Harold! Why don't we just move back a few feet?"



"Great Scott! That lady's sheets are whiter!"

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were, of course, forbidden, and the work had to be done in secret. He travelled from one town to another, mailing the letters, making contacts, raising funds. One trip, in 1930, took him abroad. While he was away, the police caught one of his friends at a mailbox. They knew his contacts, and soon caught a second friend, and after that they searched my grandmother's house. They found the mimeograph machine under her bed and arrested her.

"Signora, why did you do this?" one of the police agents asked her.

And she, who had in mind a speech of Mussolini's likening the Italians to good sheep that gave their wool to the regime, said, "Because I am not a sheep." Those were, alas, her last words of defiance. She was put in jail, along with the two colleagues of her son. In her cell, the police and a lawyer chosen by some close relatives began talking to her. They led her to believe that all her family except her youngest son was in jail, and told her that if she wrote a submissive, apologetic letter to Mussolini repudiating her son's actions nothing would be made public and there would be no trial, but that if she did not, then she and all her family would be kept in jail and the careers of her sons would be broken. Day after day, they pressed her. At last, she yielded. Never suspecting that it would be used against Lauro, she wrote the letter.

The trial took place after three weeks, during which she was kept in jail. To her dismay, her letter was read aloud in court. Lauro's two friends, who had refused to write similar letters and stood by what they had done, were each sentenced to fifteen years in prison. She was acquitted and released. The galling thing was that, being American, a woman, and sixty-six, she would almost certainly have been released even if she had refused to write the letter, and without it the judges might not have dared give her son's two friends such heavy sentences. Nor, incidentally, did the letter keep her other sons from being continually harassed in their careers.

The newspapers began a slanderous campaign against her absent son. He was in Paris. It seemed ironic to him that he, the head of the Alliance, should be free while his companions were in jail. More than once, he almost left for Rome to go and share their fate. Each time, friends dissuaded him; it wasn't right to give oneself up to the enemy, they told him. He continued mailing anti-Fascist circulars. He published documents that showed how unjust the trial had been. He sent nearly all the money he earned—he had got a job as a hotel clerk—to the wife of one of the prisoners. But none of this was enough to give him peace. An idea began playing in his mind—he should do something daring, he should let everyone know he wasn't the coward, the renegade that the Fascist press made him out to be. With the help of the editor of the Brussels *Le Soir* and of an Italian physician in London, he bought an English airplane, which he learned to fly. "My technician says that I have one chance in ten of succeeding, and like a good Englishman he smiles behind his glasses," he wrote in July, 1931, before taking off for Corsica, from which he intended to fly on to Rome to drop two hundred thousand anti-Fascist leaflets he had had printed. But when he landed in Corsica a wing of the plane was damaged, and he had to abandon it, and with it the leaflets. His plans were no longer secret. He returned to Paris. There—again with the help of friends—he bought another plane, printed more leaflets, and at the beginning of October was once more ready to fly. He took off from the Côte d'Azur and reached Rome at twilight. From two thousand feet, he glided down till he was almost level with the domes. As in a dance, he flew over the central streets and squares, scattering the leaflets. Some fell on my grandmother's terrace while she watched him. She knew it was he both from the leaflets and from the manner of the enterprise. After half an hour, the plane turned west, and she saw it disappear in the night sky. It was never seen again.

A manuscript was found among his papers. "As this will be read only if I die," it said in part, "let me be allowed to speak in the style of the hereafter. . . . My friends shouldn't mourn my death. It has been the best way for me to live my life intensely. I would have set out even if I had known that I would not come back. It was, first of all, my simple, soldier's duty. I had an urgent debt to pay. If I hadn't paid it, life for me would have been unbearable."

My grandmother outlived my uncle by almost twenty years. During the war, just before penicillin came into use, her son who was a surgeon died of an infection. As was her custom, she hardly ever referred to her misfortunes. Yet from time to time, when something spoken or unspoken reminded her of her sons, her lips parted as if to speak, her hands trembled, and her mild blue eyes shone with unaccustomed light.

One day, two or three years before my grandmother's death, while she was staying at my parents' house near Siena, my mother got a letter from an old friend of the family, who had recently returned to Italy from America after an absence of more than twenty years. He was a vivacious, keen history professor with a ready smile, white goatee, polished bald head, and gold-rimmed glasses. A member of Parliament just after the First World War, he had opposed Fascism from the start, been jailed for his views, and narrowly escaped being killed by fleeing the country. He had continued to lead the anti-Fascist struggle from abroad, being one of those men to whom others look for guidance. Though a generation older, he had been a close friend, associate, and supporter of my uncle. In his letter to my mother, he said he would be passing through Siena in a week and hoped to see her. She wrote back, inviting him to stay.

My grandmother feared that the professor might resent her for her conduct of long ago and be hostile to her, and she was visibly nervous about his visit. She expressed her apprehension to my mother. Should she stay in her room when he arrived? Should she go down to meet him? Should she show up at all? Half amused, my mother tried to reassure her. But she wouldn't be reassured. Repeatedly, she asked when he was coming. "You must excuse your grandma, she has such a poor memory," she would say to us, speaking of herself in the third person, and again she would ask the time of his arrival. The old professor postponed the trip two or three times, adding to her discomfort.

When at last he came, she was at the front door with the rest of us. Though they hadn't met for more than twenty years, he immediately recognized her and went over to her first. He embraced her and shook her hand with both of his. It seemed it was just what she needed—a comfort, an unhoped-for absolution, something that she had long despaired of getting but that had finally come. Side by side, they walked into the house.

Later, when he went up to his room, she drew a sigh—a great long sigh—and, beaming as though the sun had come out after a month of rain, said, "Listen to me, but he really is a magnificent person, isn't he, that professor?"

—Arturo Vivante

POEMS TO A BROWN CRICKET

I

I woke
Just about daybreak and fell back
In a drowse.
A clean leaf from one of the new cedars
Has blown in through the open window.
How long ago—a huge shadow of wings pondering and hovering leaned down
To comfort my face.
I don't care who loved me.
Somebody did, so I let myself alone.
I will stand watch for you, now.
I lay here awake a long time before I looked up
And found you sunning yourself asleep
In the Secret Life of Jakob Boehme
Left open on the desk.

II

Our friends gave us their love
And this room to sleep in.
Outside now, not a sound.
Instead of rousing us out for breakfast,
Our friends love us and grant us our loneliness.
We shall waken again
When the courteous face of the old horse David
Appears at our window
To snuffle and cough gently.
He, too, believes we may long for
One more dream of slow canters across the prairie
Before we come home to our strange bodies
And rise from the dead.

III

As for me, I have been listening,
For an hour or so, now, to the scampering ghosts
Of Sioux ponies, down the long road
Toward South Dakota.
They just brought me home, leaning forward, by both hands clinging
To the joists of the magnificent dappled feathers
Under their wings.

IV

As for you, I won't press you to tell me
Where you have gone.
I know. I know how you love to edge down
The long trails of canyons.
At the bottom, along willow shores, you stand, waiting for twilight,
In the silence of deep grass.
You are safe there, guarded, for you know how the dark faces
Of the cliffs forbid easy plundering
Of their beautiful pueblos:
White cities concealed delicately in their chasms
As the new eggs of the mourning dove
In her ground nest
That only the spirit hunters
Of the snow can find.

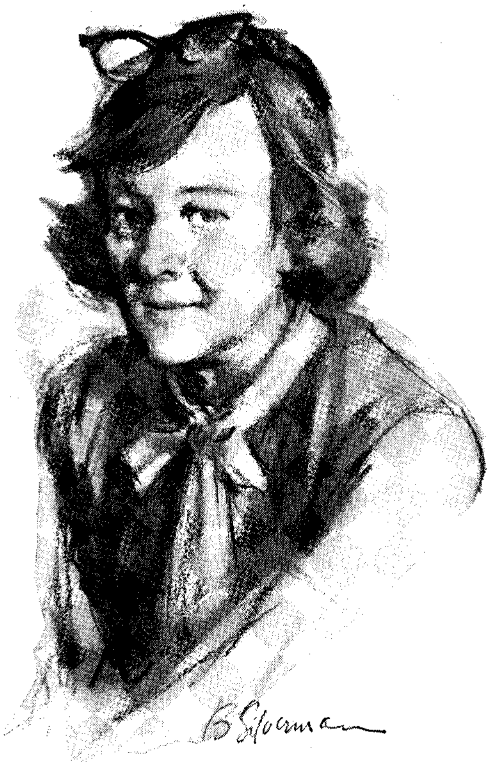
V

Brown cricket, you are my friend's name.
I will send back my shadow for your sake, to stand guard
On the solitude of the mourning dove's young.
Here, I will stand by you, shadowless,
At the small golden door of your body till you wake
In a book that is shining.

—James Wright

PROFILES

THE TREATMENT OF PATIENTS—II



Dr. Marie Nyswander

ONE afternoon a few months ago, half a dozen drug addicts were drinking coffee and talking in a store-front Narcotics Office on East 103rd Street that had been set up by the East Harlem Protestant Parish as a place where addicts could come for help, or just, as they had on this occasion, to sit around and chat. Also present was Dr. Marie Nyswander, a slender, energetic, youthful-looking psychiatrist and psychoanalyst in her mid-forties, who had been treating a number of East Harlem addicts in an experiment in "store-front psychiatry," and who was well acquainted with all of her companions. On a bulletin board, someone had put up a crude sketch of an addict giving himself a shot. Underneath it was a handwritten caption, "When will it ever end? Never?" The "Never" had a line through it, and a different hand had written, "When you dig yourself." The atmosphere in the office was convivial, and everyone appeared relaxed except a small, thin Puerto Rican named José. He was speaking with mounting intensity.

"I got no choice," José was saying. "I need to steal. But around here, what are you going to get? A little radio that someone paid five dollars down and ten dollars a week? The one good suit a guy has hanging in a closet? It's better to work in other parts of town, where the people can afford it."

The other addicts ignored this monologue.

Mike, a tall, broad Negro, said mockingly, "So, like last week, the psychiatrist at the hospital said, 'I have a new diagnosis for you.' Man, I sat on the edge of my chair, waiting for a new psychosis. And you know what he said? He said, 'The main thing wrong with you is that you keep conning yourself.' "

Mike and the others guffawed, and Dr. Nyswander joined in the laughter.

"When I was at the hospital, my diagnosis was pseudo-stupidity," said Tom, a soft-spoken white man in his early twenties. There was another burst of laughter.

"You know something?" Mike said. "We're all masochists. Every one of us who's on drugs. Each of us in our own way goes to the crying wall. You know, I had things so nice for so long. But I couldn't stand to see them so nice, and had to tear them up. Now"—he stretched and yawned—"I'm in a big search. I'm looking for a way-out outlet." With a grin, he added, "I don't want to be just schizoid. I want to be a *complete* schizophrenic. Way out in space where nobody can do anything to me or bother me in any way."

Dr. Nyswander smiled. "I dig what you mean," she said. "But if you ever want to come down out of that rarefied atmosphere, I think we've got something in methadone that might make sense for you." She was referring to research projects she had lately become involved in at the Rockefeller Institute and Manhattan General Hospital, in which methadone, a long-acting, synthetic narcotic, is substituted for heroin as a way of rehabilitating addicts and of learning more about their physical and psychological makeup. Unlike heroin, methadone produces no "highs," or moments of exhilaration, but it has in a number of cases served as an effective substitute drug, eliminating the desire for heroin.

"But it doesn't give you a high, does it?" Mike asked.

"No—that's one thing you have to give up," she replied.

"That's what bothers me," he said. "You know, I love heroin. Whoever tells you they don't like it is a liar, or they're crazier than I am. It's only the hassle of getting it that bugs me."

Juan, a Puerto Rican in his late twenties, who had been off drugs for a month, joined the group.

Mike asked him how he felt.

"Scared, man," Juan said. "I don't want to fall again. If I fall now, I may never get up." He turned to Tom. "You know how it works," he said. "You start back on, and you feel terrible, because you're letting somebody down. Each time, you feel a little lower, and the more guilty you feel, the more heroin you take. Then you figure, what the hell, you can't turn back the clock."

"What clock?" Tom said. "It stops. For me it does. Certain parts of the day are blank. Hell, around here a kid on junk can grow up and never know he's growing up. Everything passes him by, and he's still in the same position. He doesn't move. He gets older, and he still hasn't moved. I could leave one of those guys out on the street, go away for five years, and when I came back he'd still be in the same spot. Man, I don't want to die while I'm still alive. But it's hard, man. You lose confidence in yourself. Other people say you can't make it, and you begin to believe you can *never* make it, no matter how hard you try. Soon as something goes wrong, you say, 'Yeah, they're right, I can't make it.' And you blow your chances."

"You know what it is when you lose confidence?" Juan said. "You don't love yourself and you don't love nobody. I've got kids I've never been a father to, when you come down to it. I don't know if I ever loved them or not. I never did nothing for them. My boy would say, 'Let's go to the show.' I wasn't interested in no show. I was interested in a fix. I probably hurt that kid. If I look back, I must have not cared very much for him. Things like that could turn a kid around to do wrong things, especially if he idolized you. Then it wouldn't matter how much love anybody else gave him. He'd still feel neglected. I caught my boy sniffing glue last week. I grabbed him and told him I never wanted to see him in the same pickle I was in. But there's nothing I can do for that kid. I can't help him unless I can do something for myself."

Dr. Nyswander nodded.

"That methadone may be something," Juan said to her. "I saw that guy Sam on methadone—the one you put in Manhattan General. The cat turned down heroin last week. *Free* heroin and he turned it down."

She nodded again. "That's the way it's worked so far," she said.

Tom leaned back, rubbed his face, and said, "Yeah, those kids. They're something else. Last night, I saw three of them—they were maybe twelve or thirteen—sniffing a bag. They offered me some. They respect me, because they figure I know all about it. My brother, now, he's different. He's fifteen, and he's making it in school. He wants to go to college, so my father is skimping every day to send him. I may do wrong, but he'll be O.K. You know what he does? He sits down and types himself letters. And he mails them. Like, 'Dear Sir, From unknown sources I have heard that you are a great baseball player. We would like to have you on our club. Signed, General Manager, New York Yankees.' "

There was a silence. Then Mike said, "He's thinking this way *now*, but he ain't out of here yet."

"Listen," Tom said. "The principal of the school stopped and shook my brother's hand."

"Yeah, but if he's like most of the kids around here, he's bound to get more and more curious about everything as he grows up," Mike answered. "He's going to want to experience everything about life." He looked hard at Tom. "Everything."

Another newcomer joined the group—Rafael, a Puerto Rican in his early thirties, squat and swarthy. "By 1975, seventy-five per cent of the country will be hooked on drugs," he said earnestly. "This will be the cool country. Everybody will be high. This is going to increase so much it won't be funny. It's the times." He smiled bleakly. "Once seventy-five per cent of the country gets on, they'll change the word. Especially once the big wheels are on. They won't call it being a junkie." Dr. Nyswander laughed.

"Hey, man," said Mike. "What if drugs were legalized?"

The newcomer sat down, lit a cigarette, ruminated, and said, "Then you'd find out who the real junkies are. A lot of the fellows, especially the young ones, get on because they're not supposed to. If drugs get legalized, some of them may stop their habits. Me, myself, I'd register as soon as I could."

"Maybe," said Tom. "Maybe the day is coming when if I feel terrible and I go to a hospital, they'll give me more than an aspirin or a tranquillizer. You think the day is coming?"

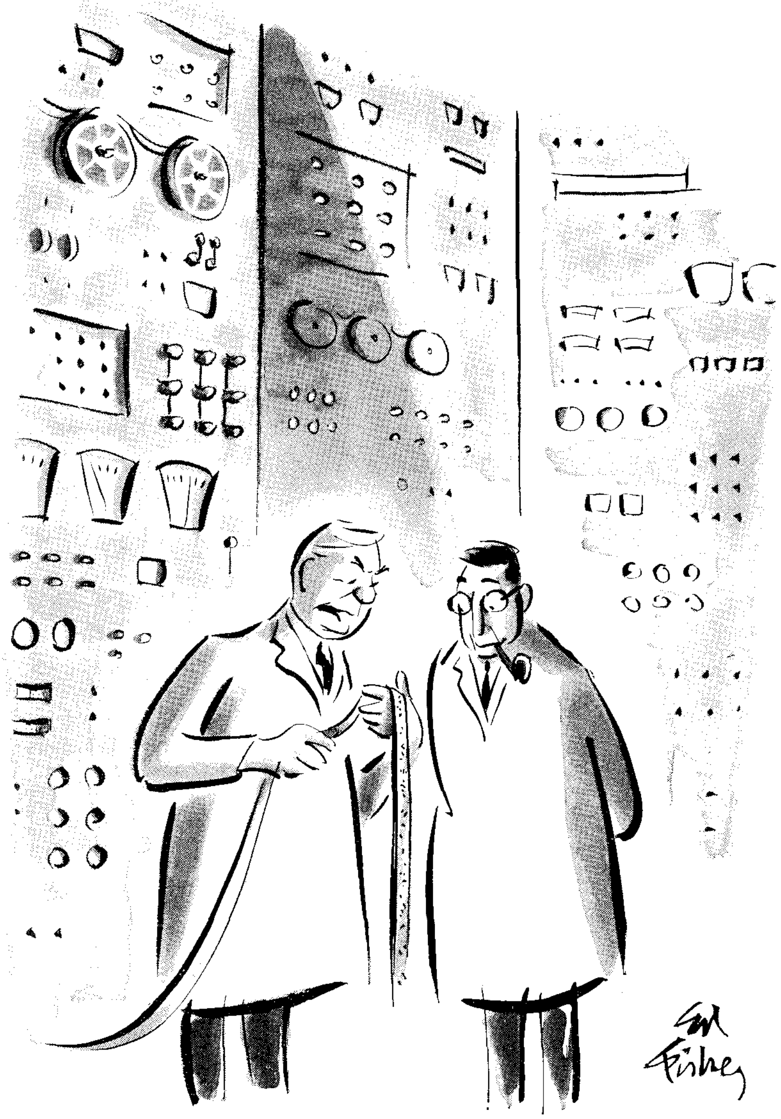
"In a way, it's here," said Dr. Nyswander. "I mean what we've been doing at the Rockefeller Institute and Manhattan General, and what we're going to be doing at several other hospitals."

Pete, a young Negro addict who had thus far remained silent, got to his feet. "The methadone scene," he said. "No—I'm against it. Giving people any stuff—heroin, morphine, methadone—is wrong. Man, this is a synthetic heaven you're giving people. You're making it so they can never be at their best. As long as you're on, you can't enjoy the things you can when you're normal. Like a sunset or a sunny day. The weather doesn't even come into it when you're on—except when it's very cold. No, it's wrong."

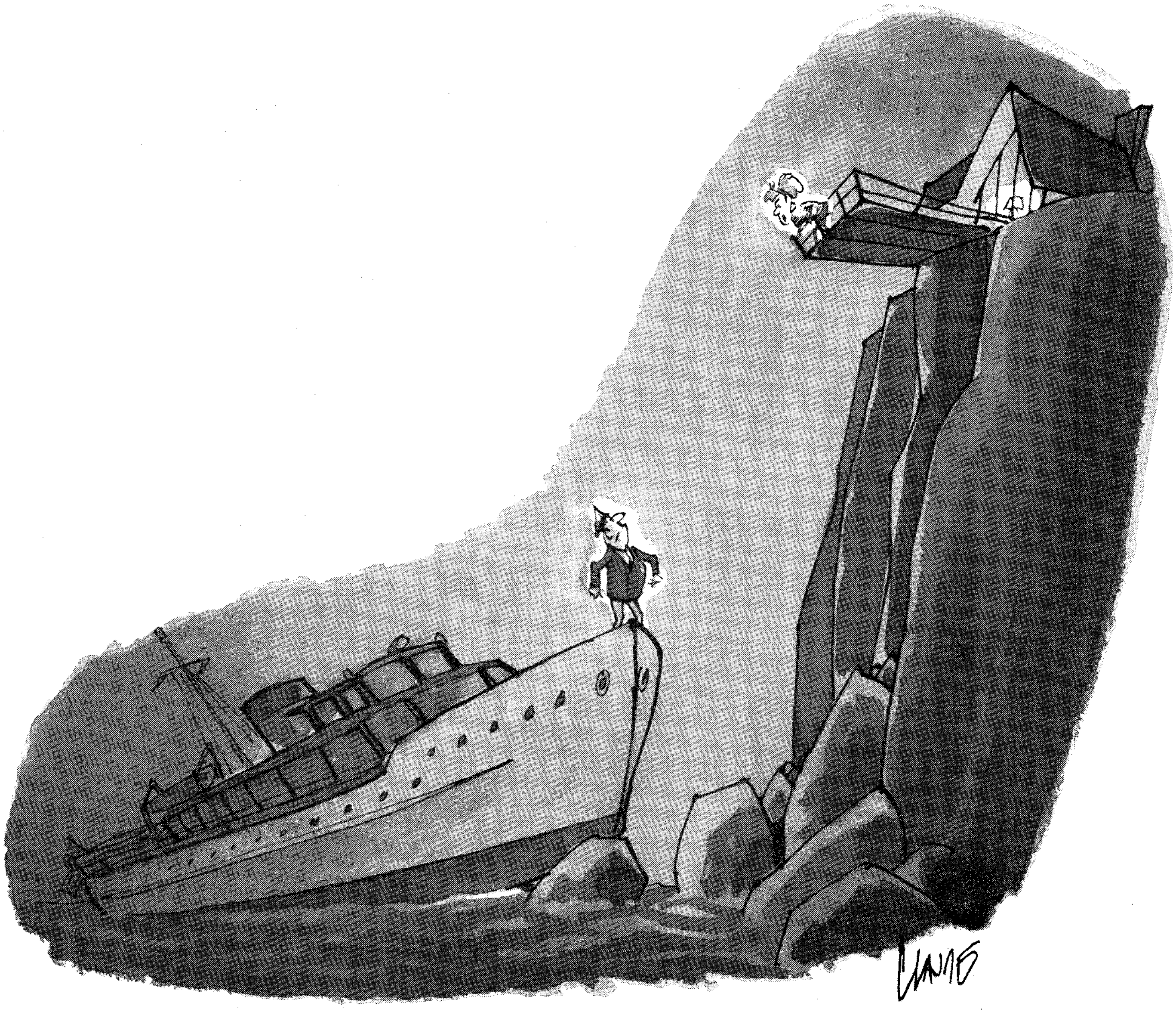
"Well, so far all but one of the guys who started on the methadone program are either working or in school," Dr. Nyswander said. "And so far not one visitor to the Rockefeller Institute hospital or Manhattan General—not even a narcotics agent—has been able to tell for sure the difference between the patients and the staff. So what does 'normal' mean?"

"Yeah," Pete said. "But they're still addicted."

"That is like saying a diabetic is addicted to insulin," Dr. Nyswander said. "Look—these people are no longer addicts in the sense that an addict is someone involved in the compulsive self-administration of narcotics. They're being given medicine by a doctor. There is every possibility, from what we know so far, that the pharmacology of the



"It says we should throw out farm subsidies, recognize Red China, win with Stassen, fire J. Edgar Hoover, stay in Vietnam, abolish Mother's Day, dump veterans' benefits, socialize medicine, and cut congressmen's salaries. I think that pretty well answers your question whether the machines are getting smart enough to take over."



"Don't yell at me! I'm no lighthouse!"

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cells of a real addict makes it necessary for him to have drugs to function, just as a diabetic requires insulin."

"But it's immoral, giving somebody drugs," Pete persisted.

"Tell me," said Dr. Nyswander. "Is a molecule of methadone more immoral than a molecule of insulin? Look—if you can make it off anything, more power to you. But if you can't, don't confuse medication with immorality."

"Aaah," Mike said, in evident disgust. "Pete, you're looking for punishment, and you want all of us to suffer with you. Look, there's *got* to be a better system than the one we're in. Hell, out here this is no system at all. Do you dig spending all your time trying to cop? Dealing with nuts? Getting burned by some pusher who gives you a five-dollar bag of salt or milk sugar, or just takes your bread and doesn't come back? You dig boosting, and cracking cribs, and looking out for cops? You dig the panics?"

Tom smiled. "You remember the one a couple of years ago?" he said.

"Yeah," Juan said, brightening. "That was a time. Everybody ran out. Nobody had anything. Well, some did, but the smart ones went and hid to keep from getting killed."

"Guys were lying all over a Hundred and Seventeenth Street," Mike said. "There was a lot of cold turkey up here for three weeks."

"There were women who showed up here in the office—women I never knew were on," Tom said. "Housewives, you know."

"I saw one guy with a big roll of bills," Mike recalled. "He took a hundred-dollar bill and waved it around out on the corner of a Hundredth Street. He said he'd give it for one shot. Nobody moved. And then the cat tore up the bill."

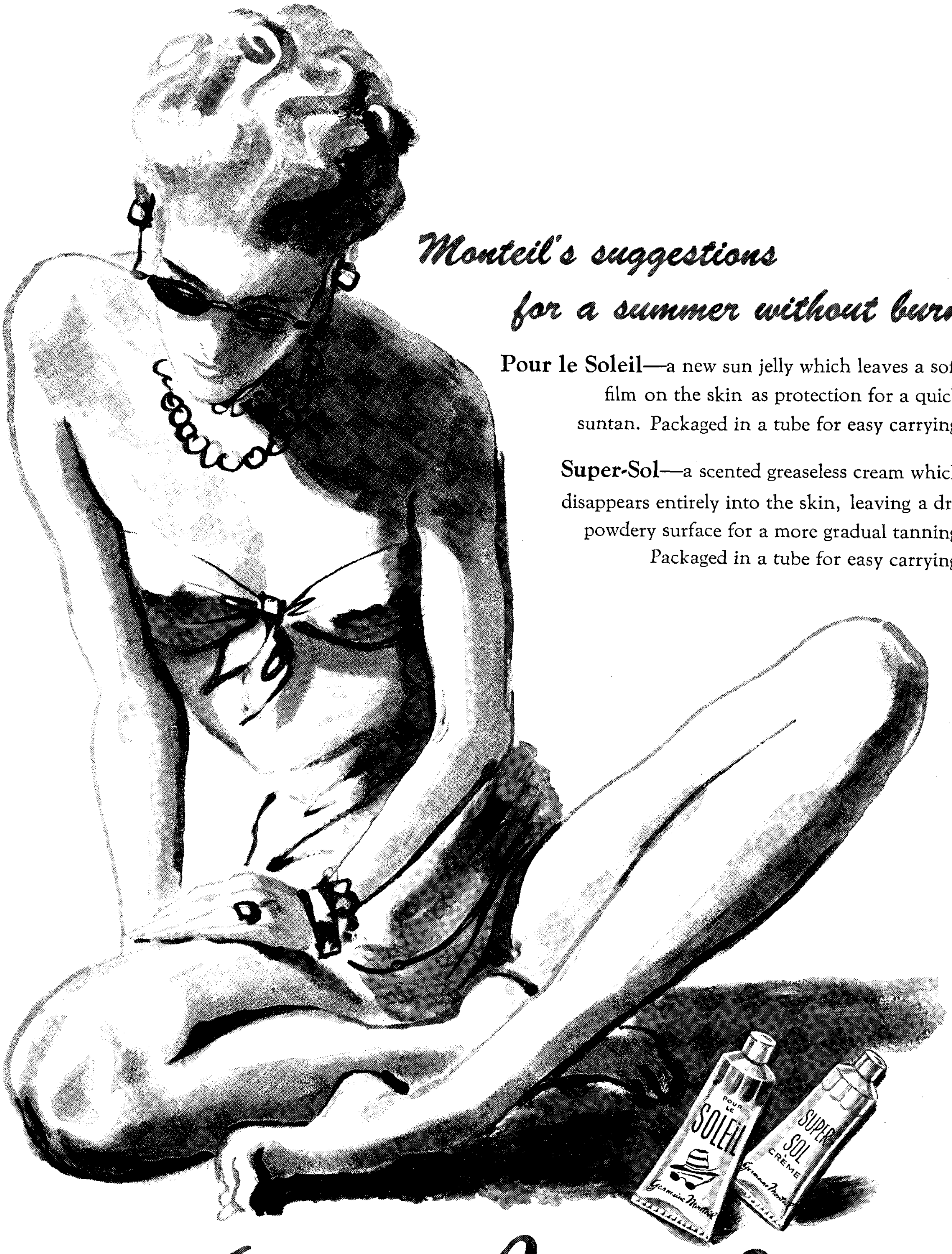
"I heard that five people were stabbed in East Harlem during that time," Dr. Nyswander said.

"At least," Juan broke in. "There was this girl—she had some stuff, and she began to deal in a hallway. Man, it looked like fifty guys came in with her. She got panicky, and she wouldn't sell any more. One guy pulled a knife and stuck it in her head, and they all fought for the stuff."

"I saw a guy get caught dealing dummies in a vestibule," Mike said. "This other cat took a taste from the bag, and he began yelling, 'You sold me a dummy!' He took out a gun, the rest of us hit the wall like postage stamps, and he blew the dealer away." Mike scratched his chin and looked at Pete. "You dig all that, huh?"

"What I'm saying is you don't make sick people better by keeping them sick," Pete said.

"Well, baby, you don't have to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worry,” Mike replied. “Legalization won’t happen here for a *long* time. You know, too many people here would lose a lot of bread if drugs was free. Everything here is money, money, and more money. Not that you guys are any better.” Mike pointed at Pete. “Suppose you come to me all strung out. You’re sick. So I’m not going to turn you down. All right. So I take a fall, and I come out of jail greasy as a pork chop. I come to you, and the only reason you help me out is because I did it for you. But suppose another time I had cut you off. Then you don’t think about the time I gave you a fix. You remember the time I turned you down. That’s the way all of you are. That’s the way I am, man. I don’t trust nobody anymore. You’re in a dog-eat-dog world. You got to look out for No. 1. When you can’t do that, you can’t do nothing. You got to wake up to that.” Mike got up, walked to the door, walked back again, scowled at no one in particular, and snapped, “I’m thirty years old, and what do I have to show for it?”

“You’re still here,” Tom said softly.

“Why the chip today, Mike?” Dr. Nyswander asked.

“That ain’t no chip,” Mike said. “I got a log, a boulder on my shoulder. I got to cut it down to fit *me*. It ain’t fitting me now.”

It was a little past five, and Dr. Nyswander, who looked tired, finished a cup of coffee and got up to leave. Stopping at the door, she said, “Well, Mike, if we keep going as we have so far on this methadone project, a new scene may not be as far off as you think.”

“I’ll know it when I feel it,” said Mike.

Dr. Nyswander was born in Reno, Nevada, on March 13, 1919, the only child of Dorothy Bird Nyswander, who is a third-generation Nevadan of English and Australian descent, and James Nyswander, who is of German extraction and who, until his retirement, was a professor of mathematics at the University of Michigan for many years. When she was two years old, her parents were divorced, and she was brought up by her mother, a woman of prodigious energy who has acquired a Master’s degree in mathematics and a doctorate in psychology, who has taught advanced statistics, psychology, and public health at various universities (she is now serving as a professor emeritus at the University of California School of Public Health, at Berkeley), and who has been involved in public-health activities in rural Turkey, in almost every country of Latin America, and in India, where in the last few years she has done health-education work for the Ford Foundation. Among her responsibilities in India were to devise methods for educating masses of people in birth control and inoculation and to set up curricula and training programs for schools of public health. “She’s seventy now, and she’s phenomenal,” her daughter said recently. “I remember seeing her in New Delhi in January of 1963. She was carrying her bedroll and climbing into a jeep to head somewhere away from civilization. She’s fearless. I remember once, when I was a child, we were camping in the mountains above Yosemite, in California. All of a sudden, a grizzly bear appeared out of nowhere. My mother clapped her hands and told him to go away, and he did.”

Dorothy Nyswander instilled in her daughter a drive for service coupled with an equally strong drive for making the most of her abilities. As a young girl, Marie Nyswander had a great deal of physical and intellectual freedom, and as she was growing up she became absorbed by the conversation of her mother’s friends—people like the anthropologists Ruth Benedict, Margaret Mead, and Cora Du Bois, and the pioneer Gestalt psychologist Max Wertheimer. In 1933, Marie was discovered to have tuberculosis, and she spent a year at a sanatorium in Monrovia, California, where her reading ranged from “The Magic Mountain” to John Strachey’s “The Coming Struggle for Power.” The latter book and a visit she paid to a branch of the Socialist Labor Party turned her into a revolutionary at the age of fifteen. She had a chance for action when she was released from the sanatorium. “I had a car—my mother’s—and although I never forgot that it was a capitalistic car, I did use it for good causes,” she recalls. “I distributed pamphlets, and drove people who were trying to organize the apricot pickers.” Soon afterward, she and her mother moved to New York, and here Marie helped raise money for the Spanish Loyalists. In 1937, she matriculated at Sarah Lawrence as a pre-medical student. “I was the first pre-med student they’d had, and when it was necessary—as it was for a course in physical chemistry I wanted—they got teachers in from the outside,” she says. “When it came

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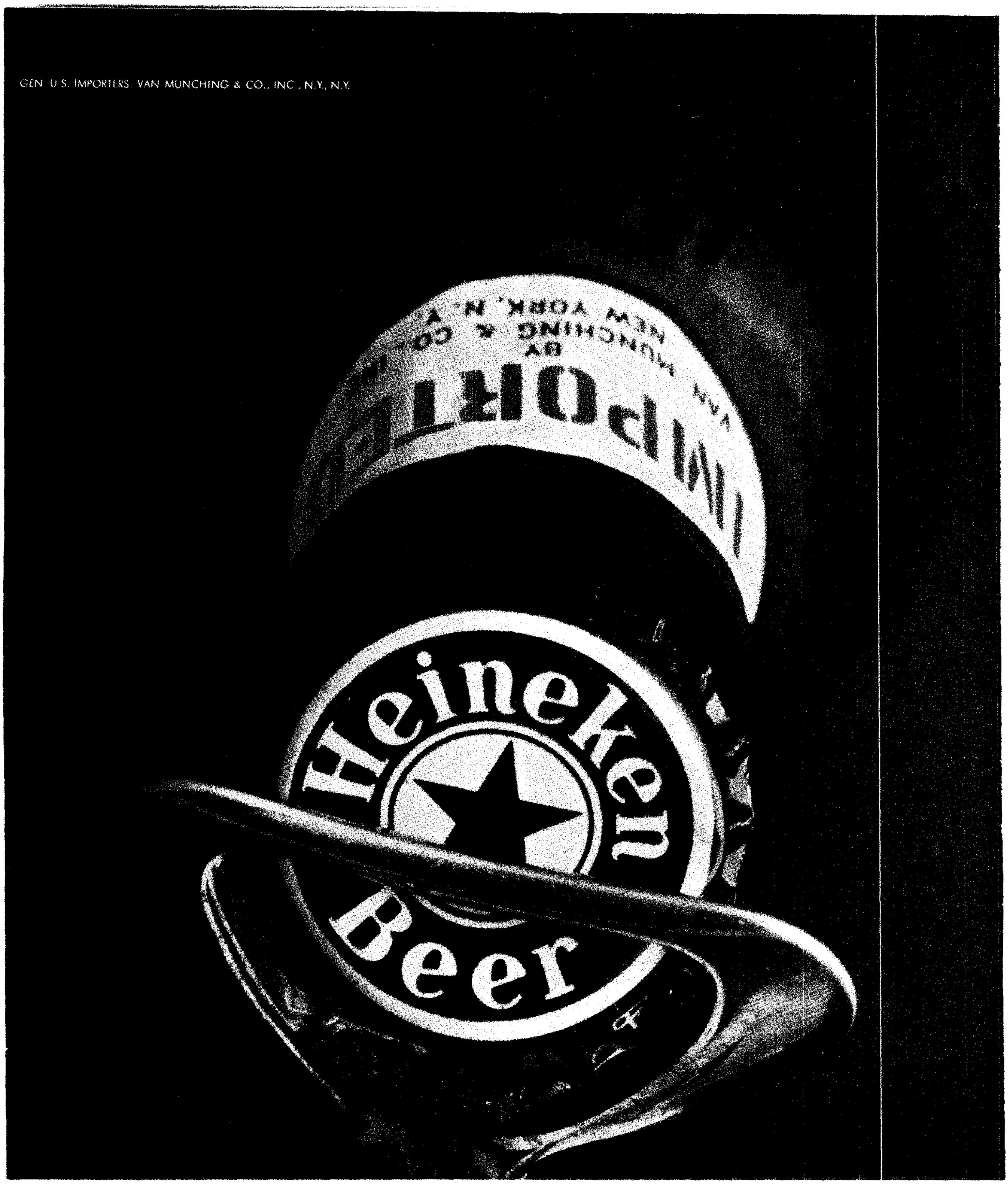

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to psychology, they simply designed a whole course for me." For a time, at Sarah Lawrence, she had trouble making up her mind between medicine and the piano, finally deciding in her senior year. She had been studying the instrument since she was three, and at college she was the regular accompanist for devotees of German lieder.

After applying to twenty medical schools and being accepted by all twenty, Marie Nyswander chose the Cornell University Medical College. She decided to become a surgeon, and her interneship was at Meadowbrook Hospital, on Long Island. (Instead of concentrating on any one specialty, she had a "rotating" interneship, covering surgery, obstetrics, orthopedics, contagious diseases, and other areas of medicine.) Because it was wartime, the staff was small and the work was gruelling. "Night and day, we rushed through everything with hardly any sleep, and we never had time to finish a meal," she recalls. "There were accidents every night—a lot of orthopedic surgery—and I delivered hundreds of babies. It was a great, great interneship."

In the fall of 1945, Dr. Nyswander received a commission as a lieutenant (junior grade) in the United States Public Health Service and was assigned for a year to the Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, which usually handles drug addicts, both prisoners and volunteers, but was then also handling sick American servicemen who had been prisoners of war of the Japanese. Dr. Nyswander spent most of her time there working with the addicts. "When I arrived there, I had no particular interest in the addicts as such," she has said. "I had a medical job to do, and I did many different things—surgery, withdrawal, therapy, and parole evaluation. That last job was horrible—being put in the position of saying when another human being was going to get out into the sun again. I couldn't think of anything that would make me say no, and I never did say no."

Dr. Nyswander found herself lonely in Lexington and soon developed a special rapport with a number of the addicts. "The doctors were pleasant, but they had their families," she said recently. "As for some of the other personnel, they soon began calling me addict-lover and nigger-lover, so there was no companionship there. The addicts were sensitive to my isolation. Here I was, at twenty-six, the only woman doctor in a prison. It was often a case of the addicts' cheering *me* up. Many of the Negro patients were particularly kind to me. They'd play jazz for me—something they usually did only for themselves. They kept me going, and asked nothing from me." Not all the addicts treated the young doctor sympathetically. "I was mugged a few times by addicts looking for drugs," she recalled. "Once, a big, tough girl dragged me into a room and insisted that I give her the key to the drug cabinet. I didn't have it, and she roughed me up. Occasionally, the women would riot, and the guards would ask *me* to go and reason with them." On one such mission, Dr. Nyswander had to cope with a group of women who had set fire to the curtains and mattresses in their dormitory. Trembling with fear, she walked into the maelstrom, offered the women cigarettes, and talked to them while prison guards put out the fire. "I managed to calm them down, but I can't tell you how I did it," she says. "Perhaps they were able to feel that there was something in me, too, that resisted being in a prison."

In 1946, Dr. Nyswander was discharged from the Public Health Service, and at that time she confirmed a decision she had made during her interneship. "It had become clear to me then that I didn't have the interest or ability to devote all of my professional time to surgery," she says. "My goal was now psychiatry and psychoanalysis." She enrolled in a three-year comprehensive course in psychoanalysis at the New York Medical College, and started her own analysis with Dr. Lewis Wolberg, a Freudian who had done important research in hypnosis. At the same time, she was a resident in psychiatry at Bellevue Hospital, and in her second, and final, year, was in charge of the disturbed women's ward. "The value of interning in psychiatry in a hospital like Bellevue is that you see a tremendous volume and variety of mental illness—every kind that this enormous city can throw up," she points out. "And when you see so huge a volume you acquire a sensitivity for diagnosis."

During her years at Bellevue, Dr. Nyswander usually began her working day at eight in the morning and ended it at midnight. She worked at the hospital during the day, used her lunch hour for her own analysis, and attended the course in psychoanalysis at the New York Medical College at night. Around midnight, several of her Bellevue col-

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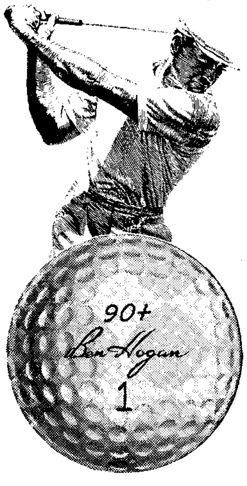

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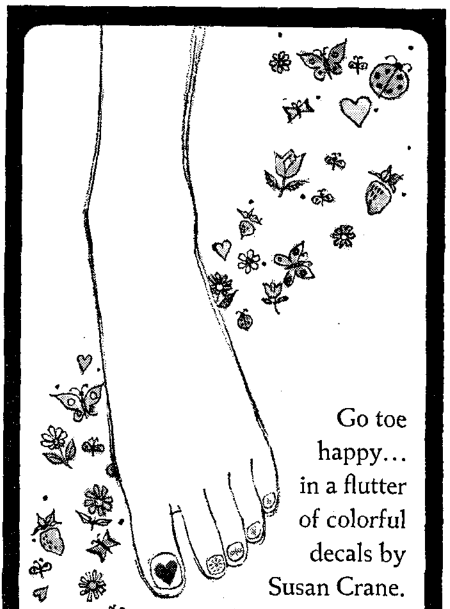
leagues were in the habit of congregating in her room at the hospital. There she often demonstrated her impressive knowledge of the Lindy Hop and her skill in cooking spaghetti. "It was a wonderful time," she says. "We were all learning, and we were all in our own analyses. We were busy trying to understand human behavior, not judge it."

In 1950, Dr. Nyswander went into private practice, and, along with her other activities, she has maintained her private practice ever since. With her husband, Leonard Robinson, a writer and lecturer in advanced writing at the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University, she lives in a five-room apartment on Park Avenue in the Nineties, where she has her office. Dr. Nyswander's non-professional enthusiasms include travelling (mostly to Greece), collecting old American pewter and ancient Greek amphorae, and music. When she plays, her preferences are eighteenth- and nineteenth-century composers. As a listener, she gets particular pleasure from chamber music, German lieder, rock 'n' roll, and jazz. Her tastes in jazz are emphatically in the modern vein—Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Stan Getz, and Nina Simone. "I don't like Dixieland," she says. "It brings out the military in me." When travelling between hospitals, she almost invariably turns on her car radio to rock-'n'-roll stations. "I dig the Beatles and Shirley Ellis, and songs like 'Downtown,' 'I Want to Hold Your Hand,' and 'The Little Old Lady from Pasadena,' " she has said. "The beat is so alive, and the repetition has such a thrust to it."

OVER the years, in addition to maintaining her private practice, she gradually began giving more of her attention to the problem of narcotics addiction. At Lexington, she had learned to withdraw addicts carefully. Later, while she was at Bellevue, she had seen a doctor suddenly cut off a barbiturate addict from all drugs. "Seeing cold turkey at Bellevue impelled me to protest," she recalls. "I was amazed to find resistance to the concept of gradual withdrawal." Eventually, at the urging of a colleague, she undertook to write a paper on the subject. In January, 1950, "Withdrawal Treatment of Drug Addiction," by Marie Nyswander, M.D., appeared in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. "The purpose of this paper is to present a plan of withdrawal treatment that may be utilized by the physician in general practice," she wrote. The paper



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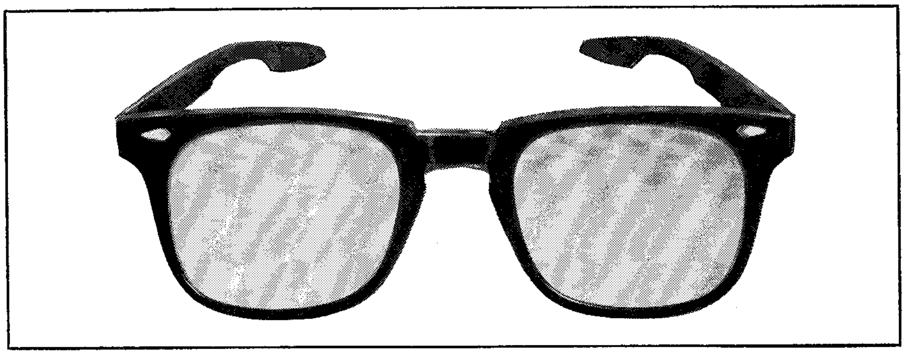
detailed the many difficulties involved and explained how they could be overcome "with the resources available in the average community." Dr. Nyswander believes that her paper was the first of its kind to be published in a general medical journal. "I thought that once it was done, I'd have nothing more to do with addicts, but I learned that when you've written a paper, you're an authority," she observed not long ago. "At the time, I was one of only three psychotherapists in New York who had been at Lexington. As people here became seriously alarmed about the increase in addiction, the three of us were sought out in crises more and more often. The two others finally backed away from the whole problem. They wouldn't handle any addicts. I eventually became inundated with addicts. People would call me up and I'd assume the obligation, handling the addicts in whatever stumbling way I could. I had started by thinking there was only one solution: Go to Lexington and stay there for four months. But now I was seeing addicts outside prison, and I realized that the stereotype of the dangerous drug fiend was wrong. They didn't steal from me. They didn't mug me. They did want help."

Dr. Nyswander remembers her first experience in supervising a home withdrawal, which occurred in 1952. A doctor in New Jersey, treating an old man who had become addicted to morphine in a New York hospital following an operation, called her for advice. She told him to send his patient to Lexington. "He's an old man," the New Jersey doctor objected. "I can't send him to prison. He'd probably die there." Accordingly, Dr. Nyswander then and there dictated a schedule for withdrawal, and within three weeks the old man was successfully withdrawn. In the years since, Dr. Nyswander has withdrawn hundreds of addicts at home. "If the addict really wants to get off, and if there is someone in the family—or a friend—who is responsible and will follow my instructions, I can usually supervise withdrawal by telephone," she says. "It generally takes three or four days, but can extend up to two weeks. Unfortunately, though, most of those who are withdrawn sooner or later relapse."

Doctors who want to prescribe narcotic drugs to their patients must have a special license, issued by the Treasury Department, under which the Federal Bureau of Narcotics functions, and during the years in which Dr. Nyswander was most actively involved in home withdrawals she did not prescribe nar-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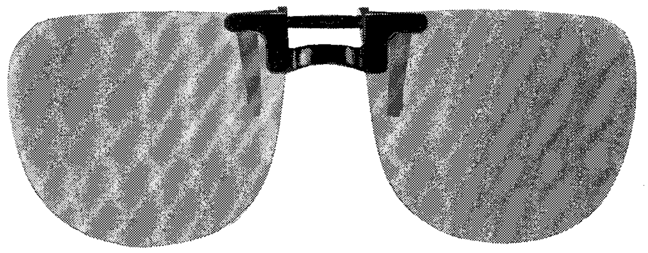
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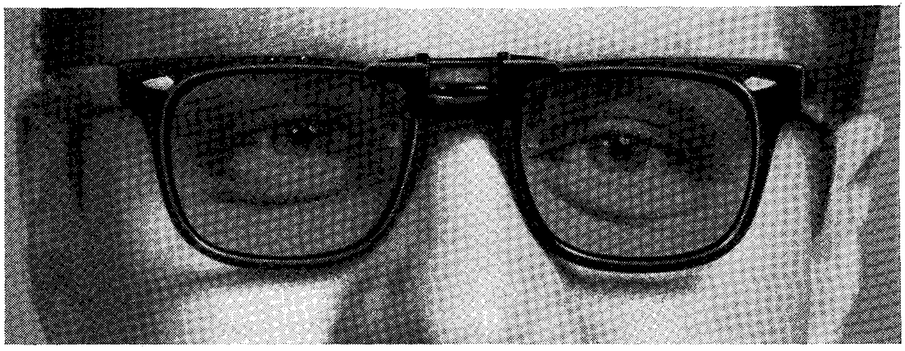
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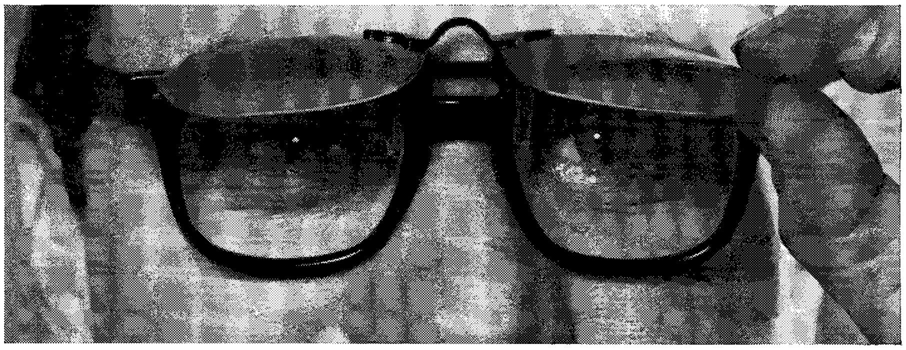
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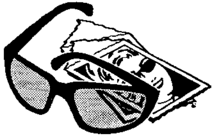

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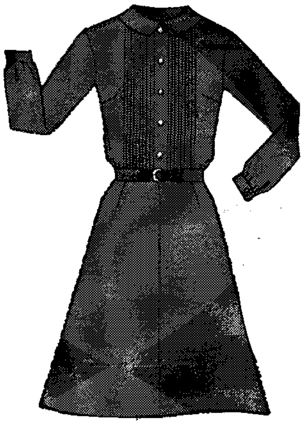

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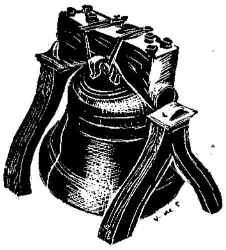
cotic drugs as substitutes for heroin in the initial stages of the treatment, because she had never applied for such a license. Instead, she used tranquillizers, such as Miltown and Thorazine, along with vitamins and sleeping pills. “I have a license now, because I need one to prescribe methadone,” she explained recently. “The reason I didn’t have one all those years is that I was afraid. My commanding officer at Lexington had advised me not to get a license, because once addicts knew I had one, they’d keep pressing me to give them drugs, but the real reason I didn’t apply was that if a doctor prescribes narcotics for drug addicts, he runs the risk of having to defend his use of the license to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, and I was a coward. I wasn’t prepared emotionally or financially for court battles. Informers had been sent to my office from time to time to see if I ever referred patients to doctors who *would* give them drugs. I’ve never done that. Now that I do have a license, there’s no conflict with the Federal Narcotics Bureau after all, because this research with methadone is being done in hospitals.”

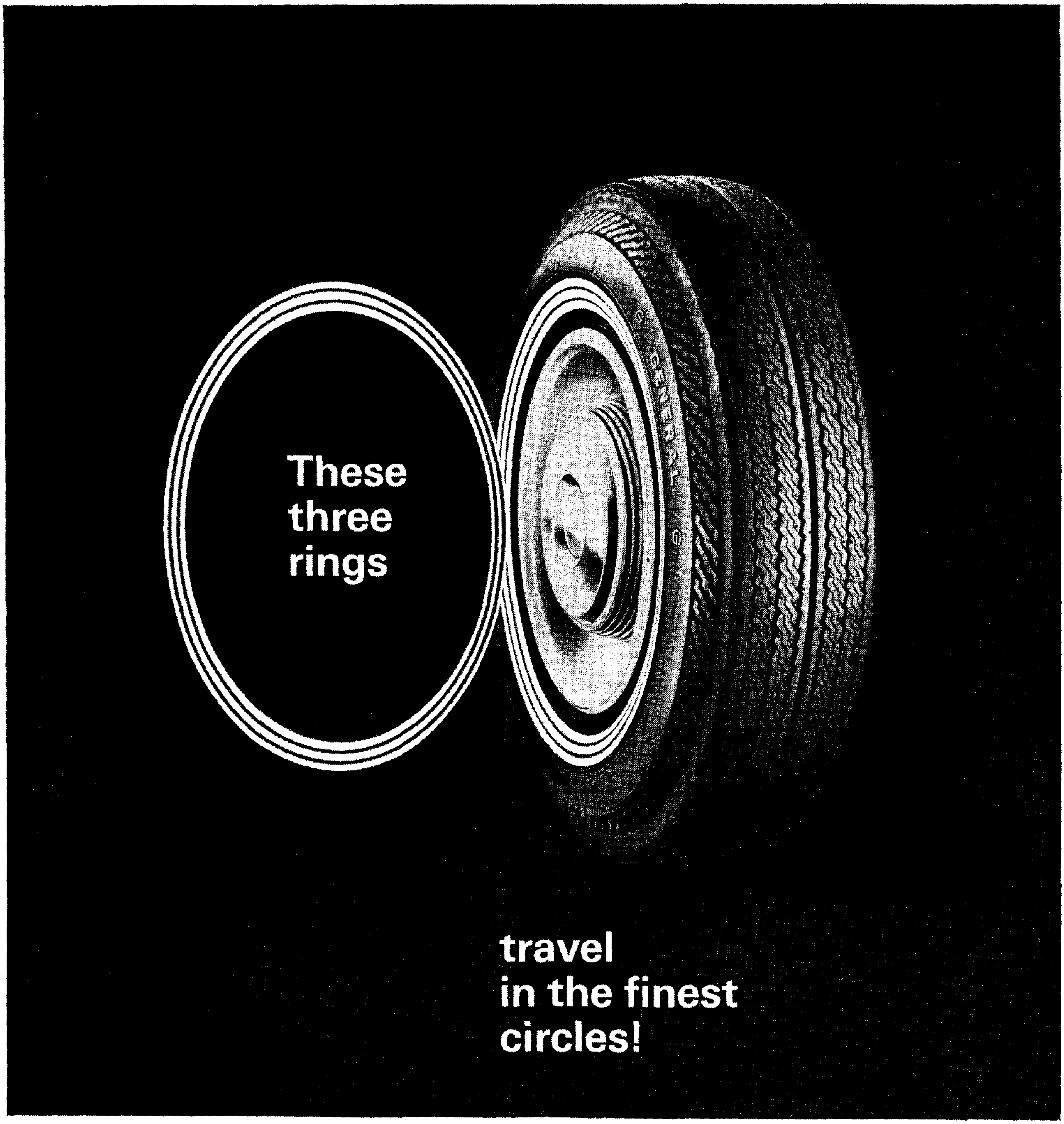
Before embarking on her current research project with methadone, Dr. Nyswander had worked on other research experiments. In 1955, she organized a project for the treatment of drug addicts. It was the first such project to accept patients who were still addicted to drugs and who were voluntary out-patients, and Dr. Nyswander financed it herself, engaging a secretary and taking care of all incidental expenses. “Essentially, I was curious,” she says. “I got thirty of my friends excited about it and said, ‘Let’s see what will happen if we take the first hundred addicts who call us.’ ” The staff of the Narcotic Addiction Research Project, to give its formal title, consisted of seven psychiatrists, eleven psychologists, and twelve social workers. Seventy prospective patients called. Some of them had been referred to the project by physicians, social agencies, and hospitals, and some by other addicts. Dr. Nyswander was the screening psychiatrist. After an initial interview, she decided which of the therapists on the staff might be best suited to the patient. Fees were agreed on by the patient and the therapist on the basis of ability to pay, and no patient was refused treatment because he lacked money. However, only half the addicts who phoned in actually went on to work with one of the therapists. At the end of a year, thirteen patients remained in treatment, and ten of them had stopped using drugs, while two others had decreased the amounts they used, and one took drugs occasionally.



Summarizing that year’s experience for the *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, Dr. Nyswander and four of her colleagues wrote, “Our tentative results suggest that some narcotics addicts may be treated on an out-patient basis by psychoanalytically trained psychotherapists who use procedures which do not differ significantly from those used in the treatment of other emotionally disturbed persons. It has been demonstrated that some drug addicts will voluntarily present themselves for psychotherapy and that they do not seem to present untoward hazards. They may be treated on an ambulatory basis while still addicted. Withdrawal for some patients can be accomplished on an ambulatory basis. . . .”

This experiment did much to build up proof that the addict could be treated as a sick person, without incarceration in a hospital, much less a prison. It was regarded as an important pioneering project. “Not that it changed the viewpoint of the Federal Narcotics Bureau,” Dr. Nyswander says. “From the start, we told them what we were doing, and a representative of the Bureau was at every one of our staff meetings. What concerned him was his feeling that the therapists weren’t making absolutely sure whether their patients were still on drugs or not. It was impossible to communicate to him that we didn’t care whether a patient was being entirely truthful when he told us he was off drugs. We were trying to establish a therapeutic atmosphere, a relationship, a confidence. In therapy, people tell the truth at their own rate.”

Meanwhile, Dr. Nyswander had begun writing a book, “The Drug Addict as a Patient,” which was published in 1956 and which summed up her experience with and views on the treatment of addicts. Significantly, she included a chapter written at her request by a British expert, Dr. Jeffrey Bishop, on his country’s approach to addiction. That approach, as Dr. Bishop summarized it, is that “morphine or heroin may properly be administered to addicts (a) under treatment by the gradual withdrawal method with a view to cure; (b) where it has been demonstrated, after a prolonged attempt at cure, that the use of the drug cannot



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safely be discontinued entirely on account of the severity of the withdrawal symptoms produced; and (c) where it has been similarly demonstrated that the patient, while capable of leading a useful and relatively normal life when a certain minimum dose is regularly administered, becomes incapable of this when the drug is entirely discontinued."

In 1957, Dr. Nyswander became involved in another research project involving ambulatory treatment of addicts—a clinic for musicians, which was supported by the Newport Jazz Festival. At the outset, fifteen musicians, all addicted to heroin, agreed to submit to treatment. A control group of fifteen other addicted musicians, who were not getting psychiatric help, was set up, roughly matching the fifteen patients in age, race, marital status, and degree of creativity and success as jazz musicians. Of the fifteen patients, two completed their psychotherapy and eight others were still in contact with their therapists at the end of the clinic's third year of operation. In another report for the *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, Dr. Nyswander and Dr. Charles Winick, a psychologist who was also involved in the project, noted, "Although the expression of rage and hostility is always difficult for a drug addict, the musicians who stayed could express it in their therapy, while its initial ventilation during the first few sessions may have frightened those who dropped out." Commenting on comparative work performances, the two doctors observed, "All but one of the ten active patients and four of the five dropout patients have improved their standing in their profession and have obtained better jobs since their contact with the clinic; several current patients have more than doubled their incomes. Three of the members of the control group are faring better musically than they did when they were first contacted, and most of the rest are at roughly the same level. Two have deteriorated in their work situation." Though the experience with the jazz musicians was useful, it had its limitations, for these patients had stronger egos than the general run of drug addicts. As the doctors wrote, "They all had a highly specialized profession and relatively high yet realistic levels of aspiration." Moreover, they had enough self-confidence to come forward and take part in the experiment; of several hundred jazz musicians who would have been eligible for the musicians' clinic, only those fifteen volunteered during its first twelve months. "At least, we did show that

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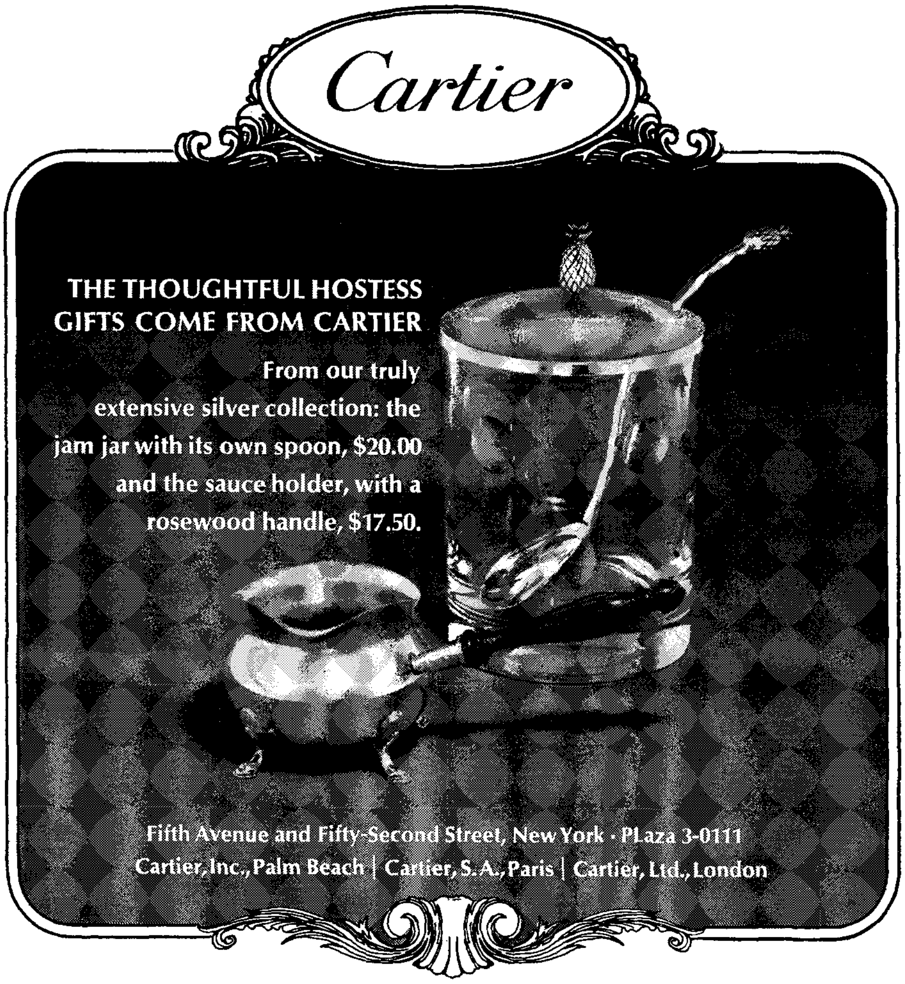
some addicts could be sufficiently motivated to start psychotherapy while on drugs," Dr. Nyswander said recently. "Some were then able to stay in treatment and get off drugs."

OVER the past twenty years, Dr. Nyswander has become more and more certain that it is nearly always misleading to generalize about addicts, and although "The Drug Addict as a Patient" included an introductory appraisal of the addict's personality, it went on to emphasize that "neither intelligence, social stratum, occupation, religion nor race seems to have any bearing on drug addiction." She later said, "The psychiatric examination of addicts reveals that addicts comprise the entire span of psychiatric diagnosis, and in general the diagnostic categories are closely proportionate to those found in the non-addict population. Addicts may be schizophrenic, obsessive-compulsive, hysteric, psychopathic, or have simple character disorders. Although, once addicted, the behavior of all addicts may closely resemble each other (at least in the social sense of behavior), basically the individuals may be *very different* indeed." After such warnings against generalizing, Dr. Nyswander ventures to say that addicts commonly have overwhelming feelings of inadequacy. "The male addict on a conscious level always looks on his father as weak and ineffectual," she wrote in her book. "Fathers are described as cowardly, weak, dominated by their wives, and lacking in affection. [But] as therapy continues and the addict's hostility is expressed, another image of the father appears: the strong parent who provides for the family and who has survived the mother's domination. This is the strong image which the patient has felt incapable of living up to or competing with, the image he tries to handle by superficial criticism *in an attempt to deny* the father's strength, which in truth he feels is completely overwhelming." Consciously, she continued, an addict usually feels very close to his mother, who is likely to have overprotected him.

Most present-day addicts start taking drugs in their late teens or early twenties and continue until their late thirties, when addiction frequently appears to taper off. Since it is known that narcotics diminish sexual activity severely, addiction in those years may well serve as a way of avoiding the challenges of an active sex life from adolescence right up to middle age. Moreover, the period from adolescence to the late thirties, Dr. Nyswander has point-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ed out, "also marks [a man's] active assuming of responsibility, his mobilization of sufficient security and aggression. . . ." The addict, however, is unaggressive, and—except for physicians, nurses, and other professionals, like musicians, who become addicted—rarely has any skill that would enable him to provide for himself, let alone a family, so in this area, too, drugs may be a way of evading the stresses of a "normal" life. By refusing to engage in the daily competitiveness of the "square" world the addict is left, in her words, "with almost no means of obtaining satisfaction from any kind of constructive aggression." Further insuring his isolation are self-destructive impulses. "His relationships with family and friends have perhaps been irreparably spoiled," she has noted. "He has usually proved so unreliable on any job that he cannot get adequate references if he should want to work. . . . Thus he creates a realistic situation which puts him out of the running, so to speak. His fears about himself become facts and construct a further barrier to normal rehabilitation." The addict may have dreams of success, but in dwelling on them he indulges in the magical thinking of the immature. "So great is his need for immediate recognition, for *being*, that he does not allow himself a period of *becoming*," Dr. Nyswander has written. "He demands of himself success with very little effort. . . . [Drugs] become the aggressor and do all the work. Once he has plunged the needle, the drugs give him what other men spend their lives working for: a feeling of power, a sense of security, sexual satisfaction, and so on. . . . He has succeeded in killing two birds with one stone: maintaining his passivity and withdrawnness while at the same time experiencing the feelings of satisfaction that come to the aggressor." She has emphasized the point that relapse is a part of the disease of addiction, because "the conscious mind never forgets it has a darn good solution to the problems of life and, in periods of stress, it will revert to the use of drugs." Recently, Dr. Nyswander speculated, "There are so many non-addicts with family backgrounds similar to those of most addicts. Why haven't they chosen drugs? Then, whatever personality structure the addict had to begin with becomes changed by the very fact of his addiction and by his being outside society. He'll never be the same. He's had a profound experience. Call it, if you will, a profound psycho-pharmacological experience. You also have to remember that we all have the potential for chemical addiction. That's why they're so careful at Lexington when they use the staff for research. They're fully aware that anyone can become an addict. About fifteen years ago, in one hospital engaged in a large study on pain, the researchers were convinced they had no predisposition to addiction. Every one of them came perilously close to being addicted. They almost frightened themselves to death." She added, "I will grant that the majority of the addicts mentioned in the literature and the majority of those I've seen can be said to have the problems typical of adolescence—or, in many cases, of preadolescence. However they got that way, that's where they are. Then how do we best work with them? Can you superimpose on this kind of psyche and on these kinds of anxieties a program of rehabilitation that deprives the addict of the drugs—or substitutes for the drugs—that have stabilized him? It's like saying, 'I'll treat you for stuttering if you'll stop stuttering.' "

PROBABLY no other psychiatrist in the country has tried to rehabilitate as many different kinds of addicts as Dr. Nyswander has. Her patients have ranged from a self-educated homicidal paranoid to a graduate student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the machinery of whose mind she has compared to a Rolls-Royce ("What an instrument to work with!"). The paranoid, whom she saw regularly for almost two years whenever he was out of jail, was an East Harlem addict with a long record of assaults on women. He had read widely in philosophy and religion, and claimed to have been drawn to Dr. Nyswander primarily because he felt that her mind was on a level with his own. She is not at all sure what help, if any, she was to him, but she does still hear from him or runs into him occasionally.

Very few of Dr. Nyswander's other addict patients have acted out their aggressions. Most of them either have never tried regular therapy or have had little success at it but have continued to keep in touch with her. Even addicts she has not treated for a long time maintain contact. Eventually, there will be a telephone call, a letter, or a visit. "It's quite different from the usual experience with middle-class patients in my private practice," she says. "Once the analysis is over, they work you out of their system, and you're not likely to hear from them again. But with addicts there can be seven years of silence and then a letter. You see, these are my friends. My relationship with these guys is for life. It's deep. I'm in their lives and they're in mine. It's a great joy to have relationships like that."

One former patient of Dr. Nyswander's who is now off drugs and is successfully completing an undergraduate course in psychology says that her straightforwardness and lack of sentimentality helped him acquire insight into his particular behavior patterns. He explains, "There's no question that she wants to help you. She's not aloof, but she also makes you understand that if you reject her help, she's not going to crack up. She's not your mother."

Dr. Nyswander says, "It's essential that I not take on the role of the suffering, self-pitying mother who hasn't smiled in ten years. When I first interview an addict, for example, I put myself in his place and ask myself, 'Is she preaching at me?' I give an addict no reason to feel guilt. I never let a patient say, 'I'll get off for you, Doc.' I don't want him to get off for me. He's not hurting *me*. He's not going to make my life better if he gets off drugs. What I want the patient to realize is that nothing works unless he's doing it for himself, because, ultimately, *he* is responsible for what he does. What is gruesome to see is a patient who picks up an authoritative morality from the culture and tries to make it work without really feeling it. There are times when I don't take an addict for psychoanalysis if I feel that my being a woman triggers a great need on his part to go into the kind of suffering relationship he's had with his mother. You see, in psychoanalysis we're looking for character changes, not just rehabilitative ones, so in those cases I arrange for the patient to go to a male therapist. The addicts I do take in my private practice are, for the most part, men who have attained a sufficient degree of masculinity—have overcome enough of their martyrdom to their mothers—so that we can work together. I don't have that particular problem with women addicts, of course, but they're difficult to treat. When women remove themselves from the conventions of society, they seem to have a harder time than men pulling themselves back up. They often go down very, very low. Also, a woman addict doesn't have to scuffle quite as much as a man to get the

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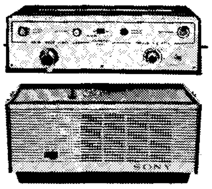

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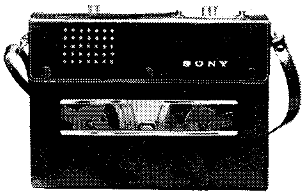

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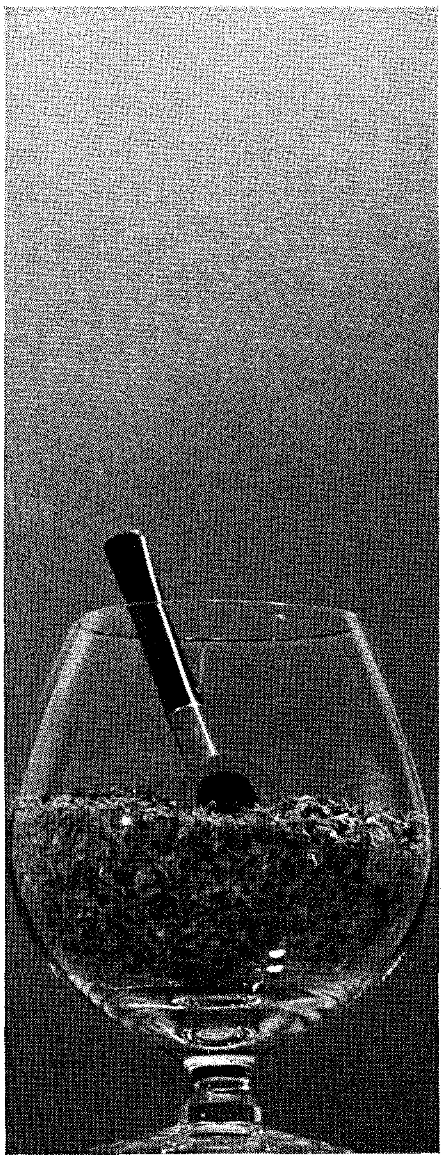

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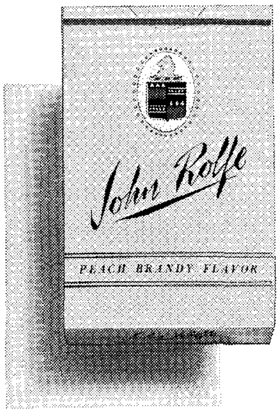

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money for drugs; in prostitution she has a fairly easy source of money. As a result, she may be less urgently motivated to get off drugs than a man who has a desperate daily problem of figuring out how to score.”

Although adolescents are particularly resistant to treatment, Dr. Nyswander has through the years established some sort of contact with a considerable number of fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds. “We talk about music, or whatever area their joyousness—or their search for it—is pulling them toward,” she says. “The idea is to find some experience of mutual pleasure. After all, when I was an adolescent I searched in every possible direction for pleasure, and later, when I was an interne, I did the Lindy Hop everywhere from the Village to Harlem. I have some idea of what they're looking for. Often they stay only a short time when they first come, but then in five or six years they return. I consider that doing well on their part. I'm still in touch with one who's thirty-two. When I first saw him, he was the leader of a teen-age gang that prided itself on using brains instead of guns. He and I would roar at the devices we'd think up to outwit the gang on the next block. His ideas were usually better than mine. He stayed in therapy for two years—while he was still on drugs. He kicked by himself later on, went back to school, and is now married and has a child. He occasionally helps out addicts who stumble across his way.”

One addict Dr. Nyswander met in East Harlem in whom she is particularly interested is an exceptionally intelligent and exceptionally shy twenty-year-old from Queens named Carl. He had resisted any form of treatment until he came to see her, early in 1962, but he had carried a piece of paper with her name on it around in his pocket for two years before that. She has withdrawn him from drugs several times, but he has always relapsed.

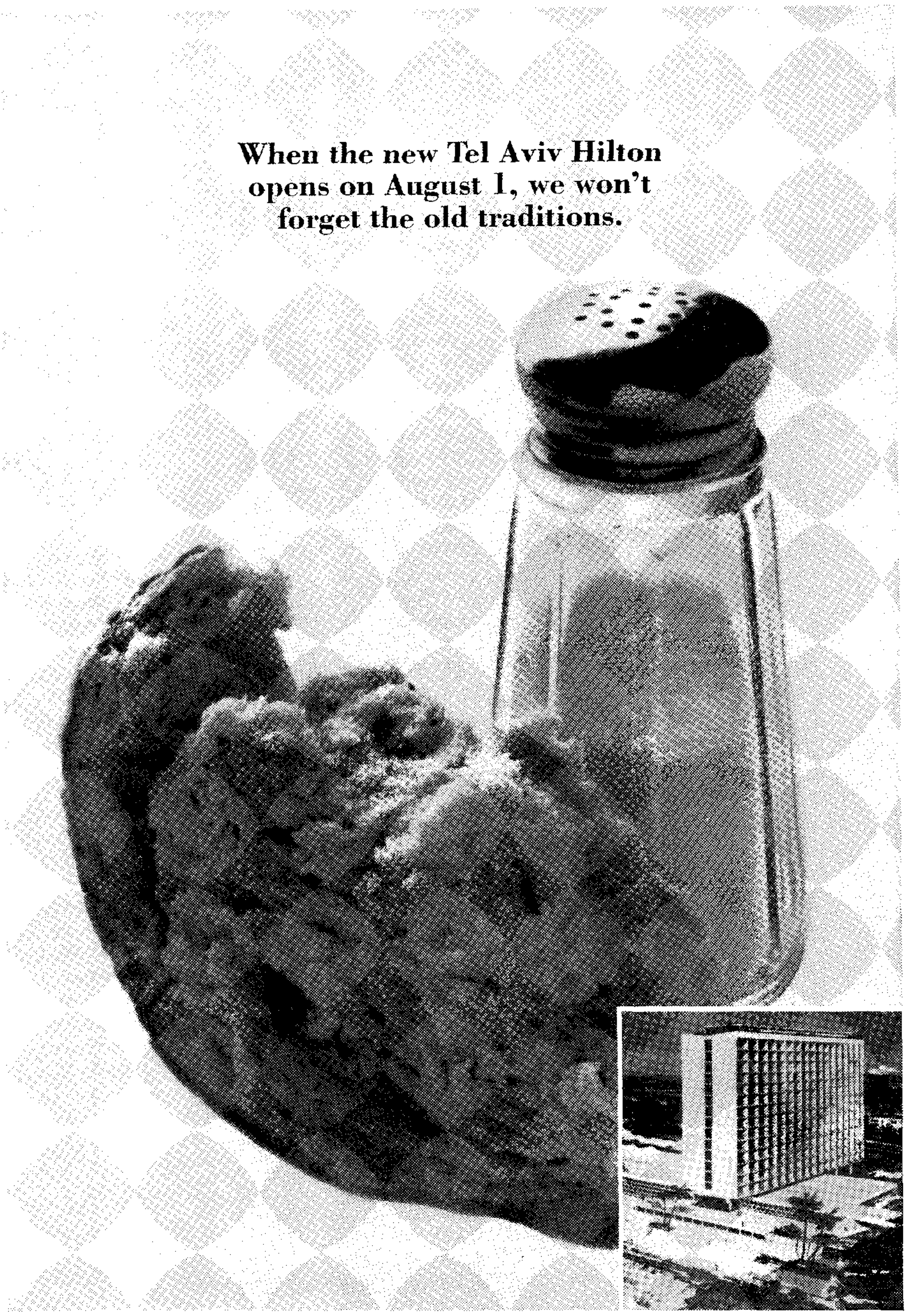
I have come to know Carl slightly, and he once told me, “Addiction is a delusion that's hard to give up. When you're on, you feel good in the face of hangups. You know the hangups are still there, but the tension and anxiety associated with them are greatly moderated. Drugs give you great *immediate* gratification. You know that as soon as you cook it up and shoot it—bing, bang, and you've got what you want. You have something that *you* have set up as a goal. And it doesn't have to be worked at slowly, bit by bit. You can do it within a matter of minutes after you've decided to. Or, at worst, in a matter of hours, if you have to take that long to cop some drugs. It's right there. I know drugs don't solve any of my problems. But they dissolve them. Temporarily. Supposing I had a—let's say—constructive goal. I'd have to work toward it slowly, day by day, year by year, with little or no gratification. I'm afraid to face that. So drugs themselves become the goal. They become life itself.”

Carl went on to say that he was nevertheless ambivalent about addiction. He was under constant pressure from his family to withdraw, and he was constantly uneasy because of the uncertainty of getting drugs. Between shots, he was usually depressed. “I don't know what's going to happen to me,” he said. “My plans vary from minute to minute. I'm pretty out of it. I'm pretty sick. Maybe it'll be suicide, although I don't have the strength for that now. Or else jail. Why do I keep coming back to Dr. Nyswander if I'm that dragged? Because she's a very beautiful woman. I mean she moves, thinks, feels very harmoniously in terms of everything that's opposed to death. It's instinctive with her. She just can't do anything else.” He hesitated, as if he wanted to say more, and then he spread his hands in a gesture of hopelessness and simply added, “I can't make words do any more than that.”

Two weeks after this conversation, I stopped in to see Dr. Nyswander at her Park Avenue office, and found her worried and distressed. “It's Carl,” she explained. “He is intelligent, very intelligent, but he was beaten up last week. That was more than an accident. Every addict has to use judgment in getting drugs. Part of this pattern has to do with me. As you open the door a little for an addict, you're enabling him to make more of a choice about what he wants to do for himself. Faced with this, he takes one step forward and two steps back. As he is faced with some possibility of gratification without drugs, he somehow can't go through the door. An addict's masochism rises, and he feels, ‘I can't make it.’ Carl, for example, presented himself to me beaten up. An analyst who is confronted with this kind of situation can't follow the usual rules. You have to run the risk, as you begin to get an addict close to the door, of bringing out the kind of transference that Carl is demonstrating now. It's not pleasant, and you begin to wonder about the danger, but it's got to be gone through. On the one hand, he wants me as a therapist. On the other, his unconscious says, 'I can't have her. I'm licked.' He becomes stimulated by the deprivation of me. I'm here, but he can't let himself have me. That's why, if you reject an addict, you give him his kicks. He's asking for it. If you don't reject him, he has to act. And that presents another danger. A therapist can open the door too quickly. The therapist who goes too far will push the patient too far. For instance, if a therapist becomes all-giving and bails a patient out of jail and takes him into his home, say, the patient is forced into more and more severe rejection of himself. He has more to deny himself. That has been the traditional role of many addicts with all-giving families. It may get to the point at which the patient will have to kill himself to achieve a complete rejection of what's being offered him."

She paused, and then said, "What's happening to Carl now is part of a fairly common pattern. But that doesn't make it any easier to watch. Carl has always had to pull out, to deprive himself. He graduated from high school with more honors than anyone else had ever received at that school, and he tried to commit suicide on his graduation night. When he went to Harvard, he did so well he had to leave. Then he worked as a busboy, but in two months he was head of all the busboys, and he had to quit *that* job. It's sad. It's so sad. Carl's genius doesn't help him. But people like Carl can become so much more independent than most of those who would put Carl down now because he's an addict. He has that chance, but I don't know what will happen to him next."

A few days later, on a Saturday afternoon, Carl called on Dr. Nyswander at home, bringing her, as a present, a few of his favorite books. The following Monday night, he took an overdose of barbiturates and went into a coma. His parents telephoned Dr. Nyswander, and she consulted with his brother, a physician. The next morning, while she saw her other patients, she waited to hear from Carl's family about his condition. I arrived at noon and found her calling his home. There was no answer, and she could not reach his brother, either. At one o'clock it was time for her to start her hospital rounds for the day, and I accompanied her as she stepped into the hallway and pressed the elevator button. "I hope you're not seeing another life lost for no good reason," she said grimly. "I lose from



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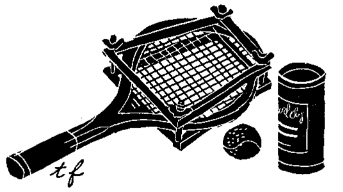
five to twenty patients a year as a result of overdoses. Last summer, I lost a lovely, intelligent boy. A college boy." She banged her fist against the wall. "There's no reason!" she said. "There's no reason!"

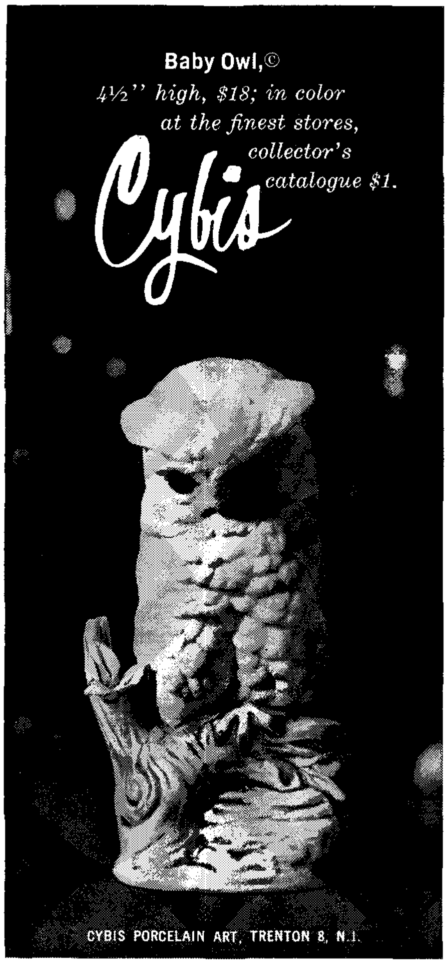
Later that afternoon, at the Narcotics Office in East Harlem, I found Dr. Nyswander still trying to get information about Carl. Neither his parents nor his brother had phoned her. "Families of addicts are often strange," she said, shaking her head. "In some ways—and this isn't judging them—they act like addicts themselves. When a son is in trouble, the parents are terribly anxious to get your help at that moment. They'll promise anything. But when the pressure is off, they don't let you know what's happened. They leave you. You have to ask yourself, 'Did he get off drugs or didn't he?'—or in this case, 'Is he alive or isn't he?' It's a little hard to take." She began speculating about what might happen to Carl if he could be treated while he was on drugs. "Now, Carl, I would expect, is the kind of addict who could be maintained on a fairly regular dosage," she said. "I've also known addicts who were schizophrenics, or were in a schizophrenic-like process, and I tend to think that if we could give them drugs, many of them would be amenable to supportive therapy. I'm not implying that drugs cure a schizophrenic, mind you, I don't *know*." The last word was a burst of exasperation, and she explained, "Here is a whole area of basic research through which we might be able to find out a great deal about schizophrenia."



At a little past five, Dr. Nyswander got through to Carl's parents. They told her that he had been taken to the hospital. He is now under the intensive care of another psychiatrist, and has again given up drugs.

In the months after Carl took the overdose of barbiturates, Dr. Nyswander brooded about ways of finding out more about what forms of treatment might be effective with an addict while he was still on drugs. For a time, she thought of financing a research project of her own on this matter, and prepared to do battle with the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, but then, in October of 1963, a series of events began that made a private project unnecessary. Dr. Vincent P. Dole, a research physician and professor at the Rockefeller Institute, had finished a year's exhaustive study of addiction, which included reading Dr. Nyswander's book, and he asked to see her. The two doctors had a number of conversations, as a result of which he invited her to work with him on a research project in the hospital on the spacious grounds of the Rockefeller Institute, on York Avenue, overlooking the East River. This hospital, which has fifty beds, is used only for research. To help prepare the hospital staff, including the nurses, for the new work, Dr. Nyswander brought addicts to the Institute during the month before the project was to begin. There were conversations with them, and afterward the nurses, for whom Dr. Nyswander has a deep admiration, did a good deal of reading about addiction on their own.

"The first two addicts came in because they knew they'd get drugs and because they wanted to get off the street for a while," Dr. Nyswander says. "We were given a free hand by the Institute, and I had the watchful, perceptive, analytical guidance of Dr. Dole. The best thing that ever happened in this field was his getting into it; the success of this project rests squarely on him, in my opinion. There were no problems with the Narcotics Bureau, because we were working in a hospital. Dr. Dole told me, 'Marie, nobody's holding you back now. You can do anything you want to do.' And I suddenly realized that I wasn't at all sure that I *knew* what I wanted to do. I'd heard the term 'legalized drugs' all those years, and used it myself, too, but now I had to ask: What did it really mean? What drugs? What medical procedure? Well, we started the addicts on morphine—a quarter of a grain four times a day. In three weeks, in order to keep them comfortable, we had had to go up to eight shots a day of an increased dosage—a total of ten grains a day. Obviously, it was going to be impractical to devise a maintenance program on morphine. Also, on morphine the patients were rendered practically immobile. They had only about two hours of comfort after each shot before withdrawal symptoms began. One thing I did find out, though, and that was that there were no problems with the patients. They cooperated beautifully and honestly. They had no desire to go out and cop heroin, because they didn't have to. They didn't need any sense of adventure in connection with their addiction.



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serendipity 3

"I was confronted with an abysmal lack of knowledge of what to do next. And then there was an accidental circumstance. We switched them to methadone. We knew that it was a very effective painkiller, and that it had long-acting properties and minimal withdrawal symptoms. We also knew that it could be substituted for any other kind of narcotic. The accident was this. Because they had been on such high dosages of morphine, we had to put them on equivalently high dosages of methadone. What we then discovered might not have been apparent if those dosages had been a lot less, as they have been in some other, not so successful experiments with methadone. From that day, my life changed, and the addicts' lives changed. I was still staggering back from my failure with morphine, and it was Dr. Dole who realized what was happening in front of us. One of the first two addicts, a man in his early thirties, began to paint, and to paint industriously and well. The other, who was in his early twenties, started urging us to let him get his high-school-equivalency diploma. We sent them both off to school, outside the hospital grounds, and they continued to live at the hospital. Neither of them—although both of them had every opportunity—copped heroin on the outside. From two slugabeds they turned into dynamos of activity. We gave them all kinds of tests while they were on methadone. We found out that methadone blocked out all other narcotics. They couldn't *feel* the effect of another narcotic while they were on methadone. Accordingly, there was no craving for heroin. We found out that methadone could be given only once a day, and that sometimes the patients were so busy they actually forgot to take it. So, in addition to freeing a patient from the need to think about drugs for twenty-four hours a day, it appears that methadone gives him another eight-hour leeway. And whatever withdrawal symptoms occur during that leeway are very mild. We confirmed the fact that the drug could be taken orally. As for tolerance, there was no escalation problem. The dosage remained stable. In addition, we did endless medical studies—G.I. tests, bone-marrow tests, blood studies, X-rays, motor-coördination tests, psychological tests. Methadone had no deleterious effects anywhere.

"And the behavioral changes continued to take place at a dazzling rate. One addict who later went on the program told a meeting of psychiatrists recently, 'When you've got the crav-

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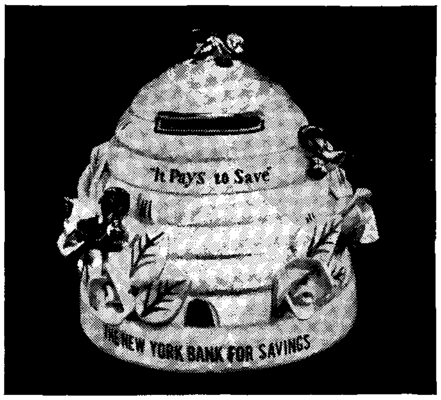

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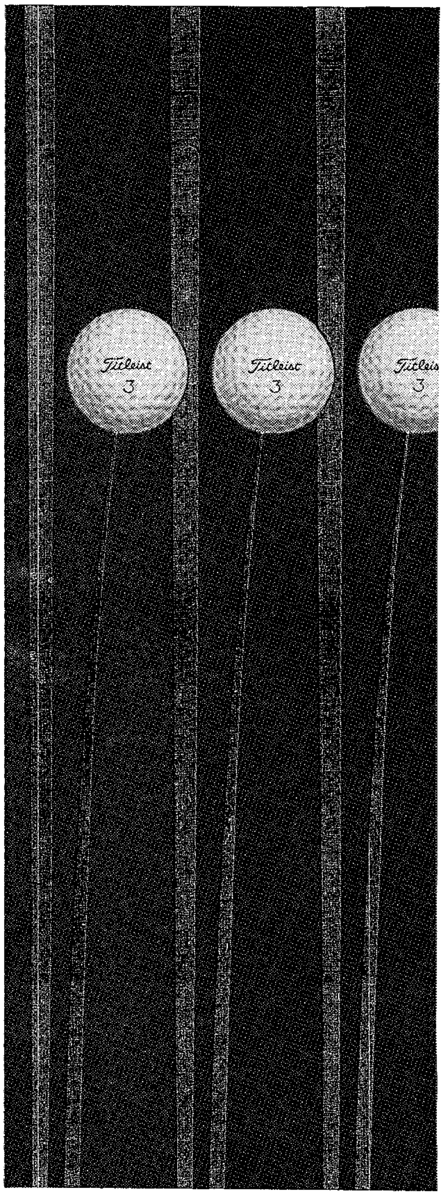

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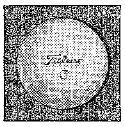
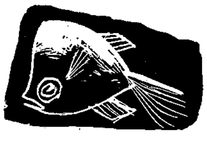


ing, when you have to keep scuffling to get drugs, you can never complete anything. And so you never know what you can do.' That's why all addicts tend to behave alike while they're stealing and lying and figuring out ways to cop. But when they're released from the craving and the scuffling, they begin to find out who they are, and so do we. It is tremendously moving to watch them change. Both of our first addicts completed the requirements for their high-school-equivalency diplomas. The younger did three years of regular high-school work in a year and a half, maintaining an A average, and then decided to go on to engineering. He has a scholarship. The other became extremely interested in horticulture, worked in the greenhouse at the Institute, and is now taking a two-year course in horticulture.

"A year ago, we began adding patients—three more residents and two out-patients. All five, once the craving and scuffling stopped, revealed quite different personalities and quite different goals—and the ability to fulfill those goals. But we had to expand further. The hospital at Rockefeller Institute is for research; it's not set up for continuing treatment. We had to duplicate the project elsewhere, and enlarge it. In January, 1965, Dr. Dole obtained a wing at Manhattan General. We hired our own staff, and we started with six patients from different neighborhoods and different ethnic groups. We knew it wasn't feasible to go on keeping patients in a hospital for over a year, as we had been doing at the Institute, so the first six patients stayed six weeks, on an open ward, free to come and go depending on their individual outside obligations. Then they returned home, and came back only once a day to get their methadone. We now have seventeen returning daily, and we have expanded the wing to nine beds, which are filled at the moment. We've had no problems with our patients. On other floors of Manhattan General, some two hundred and fifty addicts are being detoxified under lock and key. Their craving for drugs remains, and so the disciplinary problems are vastly different. Those patients are not easy to handle. But there hasn't been a single abrasive incident with ours.



"Another experiment we made was to take two addicts who were working and switch them to methadone on the street. That is, they slept in the hospital for three weeks but didn't miss a day's work. Of all the addicts in the project, just one chose to discontinue. He just couldn't get with it, and he had the additional burden of having a girl friend who was an addict. The rest are all either in school or working. And the changes in behavior continue to be dramatic. You know, in therapy behavioral changes are very slow. It's much easier to remove symptoms. But here changes in behavior happen quickly. In a week, the obsessive conversations about drugs that are endemic to nearly all addicts come to an end. These patients don't talk about drugs with you or among themselves. And physically they look as if they'd recovered from pneumonia. As for the craving, only two have had it, and then it wasn't overwhelming, so it didn't lead to a compulsive getting of drugs. They could handle it. Those two and the others *could* have bought heroin. There was no one to stop them, and they had money. But they didn't. Another behavioral change that was astounding was their considerateness. Addicts usually appear so self-centered, and, you know, I rarely received presents from addicts in the past. Now the presents are flying back and forth—from the patients to the staff and back again. And nobody could have more coöperative patients.

"What it comes down to, Dr. Dole says, is that we take care of the pharmacological problems, leaving the addict, and everyone else, free to turn his attention to other problems. It does not strike me as relevant whether these patients ever get off methadone. Some may want to, and that's fine. What *is* relevant is that a treatment can be developed so that the addict can become a socially useful citizen, happy in himself and in society. That's much more important than whether he's on or off a medication. Admittedly, we've had only a year and a half of research, and there's a lot we don't know yet. But some things we do know. Many research people have been coming through to examine the program, and several from Lexington thought that maybe I was the variable. Maybe my enthusiasm was carrying these people along. Of course, I had been enthusiastic for fifteen years and had never had results like these, but, anyway, for a month this past spring I was in Greece, and the program continued to function very well under another doctor. But no solution covers all problems. One thing we have to find out is how well methadone will work

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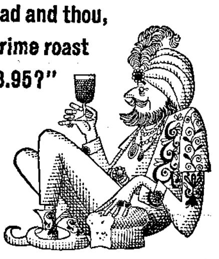

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with women addicts, and one of the first of the new projects I'll be setting up in the city's teaching hospitals will be research with women. And we have to find out how very young addicts will respond to methadone. Several twenty-year-olds are doing well, but we haven't worked with younger people. To make sure that we started with confirmed addicts, we tried to enroll only those who had been on drugs for at least four years. Eventually, we'll have to see what happens with teen-agers. We have to find out what the important factors in the treatment are besides methadone. Perhaps the use of the hospital as a temporary break with the street, combined with the encouraging presence of other addicts, is vital. And what of those addicts who turn out to be resistant to methadone? We'll have to find out whether their unwillingness to give up the 'high' of heroin is psychological, has to do with intolerance to methadone, or has some other cause. But, even with all the remaining questions unanswered, I'm convinced that we have reached a stage at which the treatment of drug addiction can become firmly entrenched in the medical profession, because there now *is* a medical procedure—a procedure that can be taught, that can be duplicated, that can be executed. Further research will perhaps turn up better drugs—drugs that will be even longer-acting. And there will be corollary work on rehabilitation. For example, past police records will have to be reëvaluated so that civil-service and other jobs can be made available to patients on methadone according to their abilities. Many of the addicts in the project already are working very well on our staff at Manhattan General. Imagine—an addict working in a hospital! And then, of course, there will be continuing research on addiction itself: where drugs act in the body, how they are metabolized, whether narcotics are stored in the memory of the cells, the effects of narcotics on the hormonal system of the body. Now that the patient can be relieved of the craving and the lying and the stealing, these questions can be explored.

"And there's another dimension, too. We may get leads into a deeper understanding of mental illness. The behavioral changes with methadone are every bit as dramatic as the psychological phenomenon that occurs under LSD. Now, once you have a drug—LSD or a narcotic—that you can put into a patient and have resultant behavioral changes to observe and study, you've made a considerable start toward setting up procedures for future re-

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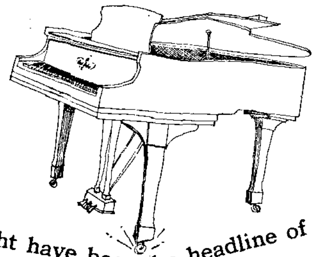

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One of Dr. Nyswander's former store-front patients from East Harlem who are now participating in the methadone research project is a thirty-four-year-old Puerto Rican named Louis. "He had never really worked in his life," Dr. Nyswander says. "I got him into the project when I met him on the street one day. For a week before, he'd been sleeping on rooftops and in the subway. He has since gone to school and got his high-school-equivalency diploma, and he'll be one of my assistants as I set up the new projects in other hospitals. Once he had convinced himself that methadone worked for him, such an excitement seized him! He had happiness by the horns and he wouldn't let go. And he *looks* so good! His excitement has continued. He's on the staff at Manhattan General now, and he works seven days a week. So do many of the others. You can't get the staff to slow down. Louis has recovered his thirst for life. And, like the others on the project, he hasn't lost that extra dimension of perception that came out of his having been at the very bottom. The humor of Louis and the others is still delicious, and they are not judgmental. The only way they do make a judgment on others in the program is if one of them tells a lie; but even then they try very hard to understand why the lie had to be told."

"For much of my life, the main thing on my mind was heroin," Louis said to Dr. Nyswander a few days ago. "When the desire for heroin calls, you've got to answer it. Just as when I get an itch, I've got to scratch." He grinned. "Now I'm not itching any-more."

"I'm with you," said Dr. Nyswander. "It's sort of like when the microscope was discovered. That was the tool that enabled scientists to begin finding out about the causes of infectious diseases. You could *see* bacteria. Now we're going to be able to *see* what addiction is and how it works." —NAT HENTOFF

(*This is the second of two articles on Dr. Nyswander.*)

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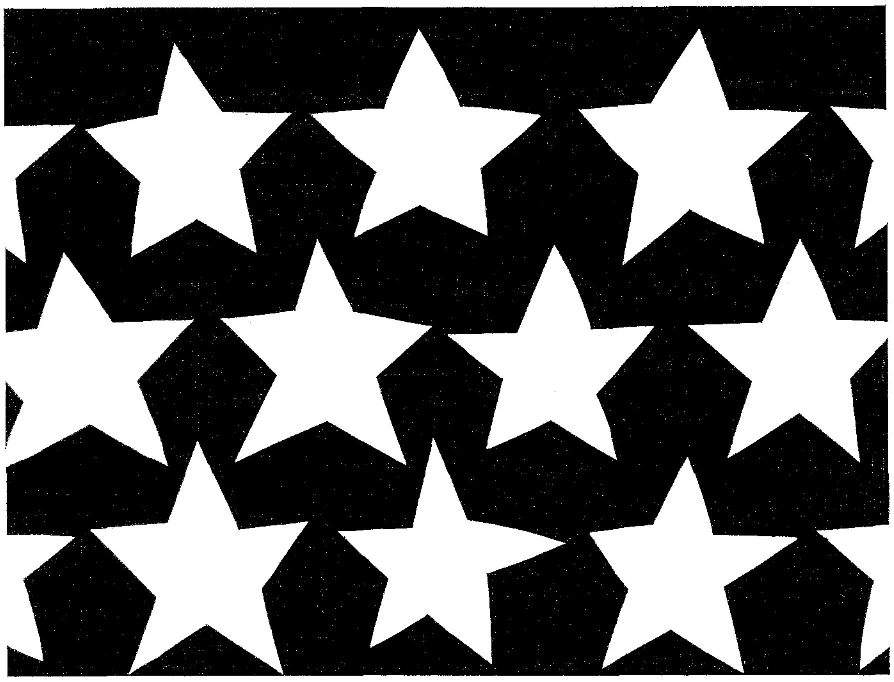

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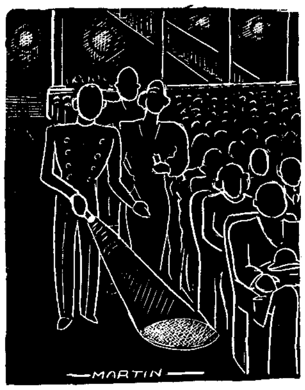
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Italian Pleasures

"THE FASCIST" is the inept and misleading American title of an amusing Italian satire that remains amusing even midst shot and shell right through to the end. It is a picaresque tale (time, the spring of 1944) about a thick-skulled sergeant, indoctrinated in Mussolini's mystique to the saturation point, and an elderly professor, a leader of the Partisan movement, whom the sergeant is ordered to capture somewhere in the countryside and bring back to Rome. The sergeant is a zealous blockhead, but he is not a bad fellow—he is too squeamish to kill a chicken but brave enough to run out and save two children when a bus is being strafed—and the professor is a wise old intellectual. Yet the professor never quite manages to slip away from his captor, although there is no denying that luck runs against him. The two men, very well played by Ugo Tognazzi and Georges Wilson, make an entertaining pair of adversaries, and it must be said at once that "The Fascist" is entirely free of the winsome uplift that made the "Don Camillo" movies so cloying. The professor and his captor end up a little more at ease together than they were when they started—there is no personal enmity, in any case—but neither has made any conspicuous inroads into the beliefs of the other.



The story is told in a series of loosely strung episodes. It doesn't have a great deal of bite, but in its modest way it is unsparing in its mockery of national weaknesses: By a hidden mechanism, a plaster statue is made to weep linseed-oil tears during the strafing, and is given instant devotion by the passengers on the bus. A pretty girl steals the professor's spectacles and quite casually sells them back to him, and there are no hard feelings when he discovers the trick. A jingo poet, holed up in an attic and sensing the direction of the wind, changes his tune, prosodically speaking, from the joys of victory and power to the rewards of peace. The Germans put in a few unattractive appearances, too—arrogant and contemptuous of their allies—and they are treated with something a bit stronger than mockery. The idea seems to be that whereas the Italians were foolish and venal, but human, the Germans were downright brutal.

"THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE" is another Italian comedy, this one about a Sicilian town in crisis. Two well-brought-up young men taking shelter from a rainstorm in an abandoned farmhouse come upon a girl from their own small town and assault her. The insular ruling on premarital virginity, male and female, being as stringent as that on divorce (as previously demonstrated), the incident sets off any number of explosions of a domestic, civic, and, eventually, legal nature. Irate Father stalks the streets with loaded rifle as Mother wails over prostrate Daughter. (Sicilian women, once they have achieved matronhood, never seem to open their mouths except to lament, shriek, and, presumably, pray.) The edgy and indignant parents of the two boys start making plans. The police take the boys into custody in order to save their lives just a few beats ahead of some Mafia underlings on a similar mission. The Mafia boss serves as go-between and volunteer oiler of palms, from time to time composing his silly features into the well-known fraternal stare, and from time to time belting his daughter, who is also concerned in the mess, with a leather strap. There is talk of fear, honor, and respect—the Sicilian brands, that is. There are conventional gestures, such as the girl's going through the motions of a suicide attempt by putting her head on the railroad track and planning to wait there all day for the evening train to come by. And, of course, there is a problem that appears insoluble: Whichever boy marries the girl—assuming that things can be brought to such an unlethal conclusion—will automatically become a cuckold. Over the protests of the girl's family, the boys are brought to trial. The courtroom scenes are quite lively, and especially lively are the struttings and grand-opera histrionics of Vittorio Gassman, as the Sicilian lawyer for one of the boys, and the subtler, more

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knowledgeable tactics of Gino Cervi, as the North Italian lawyer for the other.

It is the eruptive artlessness of these Sicilian hicks that makes "The Eye of the Needle" so appealing. ("We're in space-age Italy," Mr. Cervi comments at one point, in justifiable wonder.) Under the pleasant circumstances, the occasional heavily ironic commentary by an anonymous off-screen voice is a nuisance; the actors, under Marcello Andrei's direction, make the comic points clear enough without any help from Old Chuckles. In the leading roles, besides Mr. Gassman and Mr. Cervi, are Gerald Blain and Nino Castelnuovo, as the two boys; Annette Stroyberg, as the girl; Umberto Spadaro, as her father; and Leopoldo Trieste, as the Mafia boss. They all seemed right to me, and so did everyone else.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THE SOUND OF A CIRCULAR SAW

We cannot escape our preoccupation with the natural laws of the universe, which don't seem to have an end or a beginning, at least by our mortal ideas of time.

These laws, in contrast with mortal laws, are stable and immutable. They are not subject to change after every election.

They cover every conceivable situation.

For instance, the sound of a circular saw cutting wood. Millions and billions of earthly years must have passed before such a sound was heard upon this earth, but there that unique sound was, filed in the supply shelves of natural laws, waiting for some man to invent a circular saw before it could take its place among the phenomena.

Who can tell what natural laws remain in those files, patiently waiting an opportunity to exert their peculiar properties? Perhaps some of them are in readiness for the end of the world?

We have no idea. All we can do is marvel.—*From the Clarks Summit (Pa.) Abington Journal.*

You could stop marvelling and cut some wood.

•

GREEN TURTLE CONSOMME
(Serves 6-8)

If fresh green sea turtle meat is available (it is in southern Florida waters) put 2 pounds cubed green deep sea turtle meat to braise in 1 cup Madeira wine and 2 cups water. Add 4 whole cloves, salt and pepper to taste and ¼ tsp. each powdered rosemary, allspice, mace and nutmeg. Simmer, covered, for 5 hours. Replenish liquid when necessary. Serve from tureen into consomme cups at table. Pass nutmeg grater, quartered limes and chopped hard boiled eggs for additional flavoring, with a decanter of Madeira. Fortunately, excellent canned turtle consomme is available.—*U. S. Lady.*

Well, this is a *fine* time to tell us.

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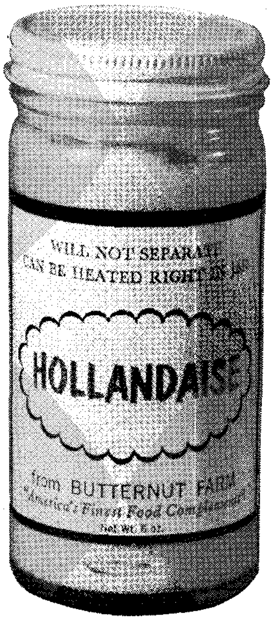

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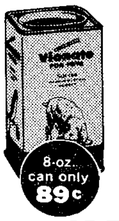

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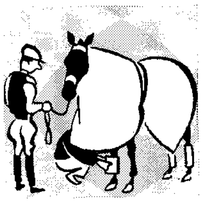
THE RACE TRACK

A Plate Goes West



LAST weekend, I played hooky again and went off to Woodbine at Toronto to see the Queen's Plate, Canada's classic for three-year-olds. It was a fine spectacle, as it always is, and I enjoyed every minute of it, along with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and close to thirty-two thousand other spectators. As you've no doubt heard, Whistling Sea, a runner from Alberta, led by open daylight from beginning to end of the mile and a quarter, and won by nearly two lengths from Flyalong, the winter-book favorite. Blue Mel, a 30–1 chance, was third, and Native Victor, a half brother to the Canadian hero Northern Dancer, who won the Plate last year, was fourth. Incidentally, Whistling Sea, a rangy dark-bay colt, is the first racer foaled outside the Province of Ontario to carry off the Queen's Plate. He did it with authority, too, easily disposing of the challenges, one after another, of Lucky Marine, Butterscotch, Good Old Mort (he was the top Canadian two-year-old last year), and, finally, Flyalong. Then Turcotte, who rode Tom Rolfe in the triple-crown events and Des Erables in the Plate, charged that Whistling Sea had slammed his mount as they came out of the starting gate, but the claim of foul was disallowed. The disappointment of the race was Native Victor. He looked fit as he jogged to the post, and he was in a good position when he made an encouraging move on the turn for home, but then he weakened in the stretch. Top Victory, his stablemate, was ninth all the way. Curiously, until Whistling Sea beat Flyalong in the Plate Trial early in the week he'd been tabbed as a sprinter, but on the way he finished in the Plate I'd say that he could run all day. Though he's owned by Paul Olivier, who lives in Calgary, he has done all his racing in and around Toronto, and not on the prairie circuit, as you might expect. After the Plate, horseplayers suddenly remembered that just about a year ago he'd won at Woodbine and paid $293.50 in the mutuels. Last Saturday, he paid $16.40.

There was a bit of extra pomp and circumstance on Plate Day because of the Queen Mother's presence. Morning dress and gray toppers were all over the enclosure, and the Governor-General's Horse Guards were strutting their stuff in fine style. Everybody loved it. Her Majesty had more time for racing, too, than she'd had when she was at Woodbine three years ago. This year, the day before the Plate she made a trip to E. P. Taylor's National Stud Farm at Oshawa, where she saw Northern Dancer. She remarked that he was "very nice" and had "a beautiful walk." On Plate Day, she watched four races, one of them from the stewards' stand, on the roof, and she went to the paddock twice. By the way, Woodbine had its own landau, drawn by four imported coach horses, for the royal visitor. She appeared to like that, too.

IT was quite a day for Canada. A few hours before the Plate, Meadow Court, who is owned jointly by Max Bell, of Calgary, Frank McMahon, of Vancouver, and Bing Crosby, won the Irish Sweeps Derby in Dublin. I saw the race on television, and it certainly was a smasher. Meadow Court didn't appear to have a ghost of a chance until he was nearly five furlongs from home, and then he came through with a great rush and won by a couple of lengths from Convamore, with Wedding Present third.

ARCTIC DANCER, the full sister of Northern Dancer that Louis Levesque gave $100,000 for at Mr. Taylor's yearling sale last autumn, made her first appearance under colors on Wednesday, and finished second. I didn't see the race, but I'm told it was a case of too much speed. Jumping off in front at the break, she ran the first quarter of a mile in 0:21⅘, and was in such high gear when she hit the turn into the stretch that she went wide—almost to the rail. She isn't likely to be beaten again in the same company.

WELL, Affectionately won the Vagrancy Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, as I had expected she would, although she had an impost of 137 pounds and was giving from seventeen to twenty-eight pounds to the dozen other runners. It was the highest weight a member of her sex has ever carried in a flat race in this country. This puts her in a class with Discovery, the great weight carrier, who, if memory serves, won under 142 pounds.

—AUDAX MINOR

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE KNOWLEDGE

IF you happen to believe, as I do, that the taxicabs of London offer one of the few remaining pleasures in the realm of public transportation, owing in part to their civilized design (doors with a five-foot reach, enabling a passenger, even one wearing a top hat, to get in without crouching like an animal; a spacious interior, accommodating three passengers with comfort, four with ease; a sliding glass partition between driver and passenger) and in part to the skill of the men behind the wheel, you may wish to share some information I recently acquired about the unique training that accounts for the drivers' notable competence. Perhaps I should begin by mentioning how I became interested in this subject in the first place.

Walking about London, one often sees, especially during the early evening and on weekends, small groups of purposeful-looking men riding up and down the streets on motorbikes, to the handlebars of which is attached a clipboard holding a piece of paper. The riders, who generally appear to be in their thirties or forties, move at a slow pace, and seem as intent as explorers on noting everything around them. They frequently pull over to the curb and stop, usually at street intersections or in front of public buildings, glance at the paper on their clipboard, jot something down or check something off, and then wheel on. Having observed this phenomenon with increasing puzzlement and having developed doubts about my initial speculation that the participants were engaged in some sort of treasure-hunt game, I at length seized the opportunity to ask one of them, whom I encountered on a fine evening in Audley Square while he was parked at curbside, what he and his confreres were up to.

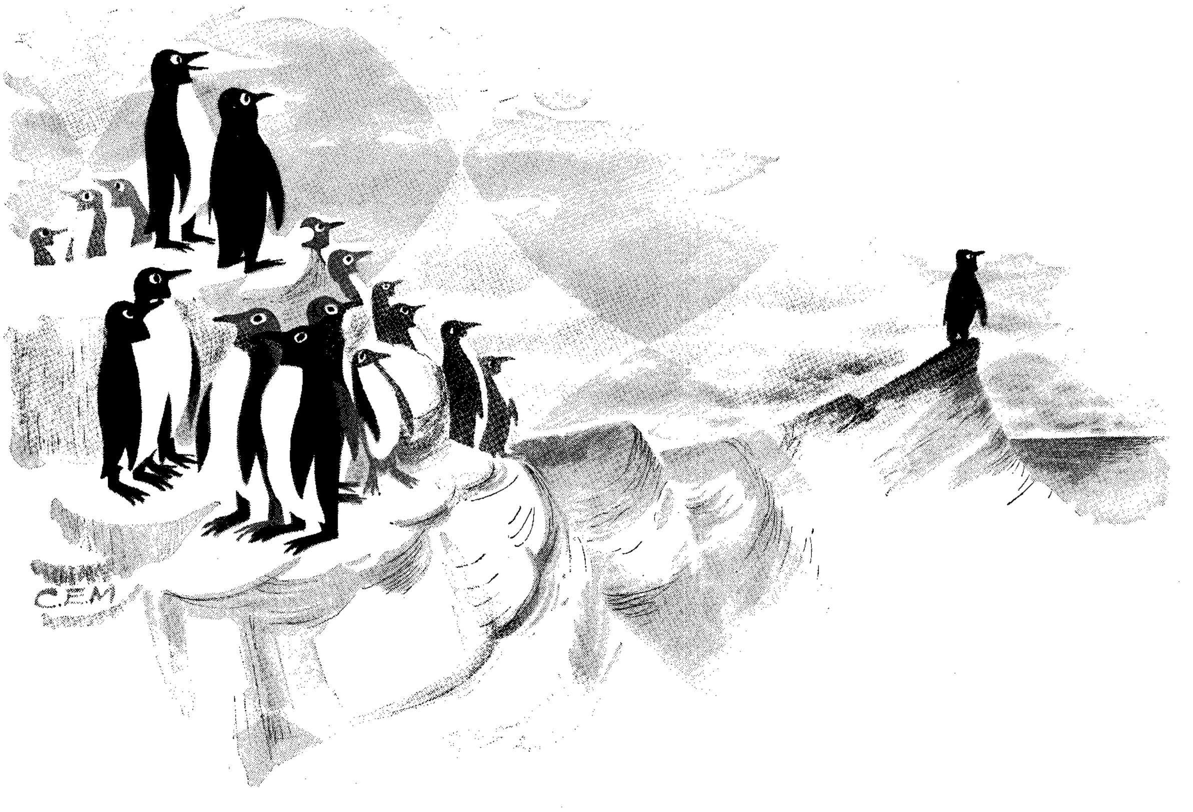
"We're what they call the Knowledge Boys," he said, speaking with a Cockney accent. "In other words, we're all trying to become taxi-drivers, and we're out learning about the city so we can pass the knowledge-of-London test. It's a proper test, all right. I been on the knowledge now for four months, and it'll be a few more before I can pass it."

This reply raised more questions, some of which my new acquaintance—an affable, stocky man in his early forties, with dark hair and snapping brown eyes, and whose name, I learned, was Michael Carter—said he wouldn't be able to answer until after he had passed his test and actually become a driver. "When that happy day comes, I'll be glad to tell you the whole story," he added. Last week, he did.

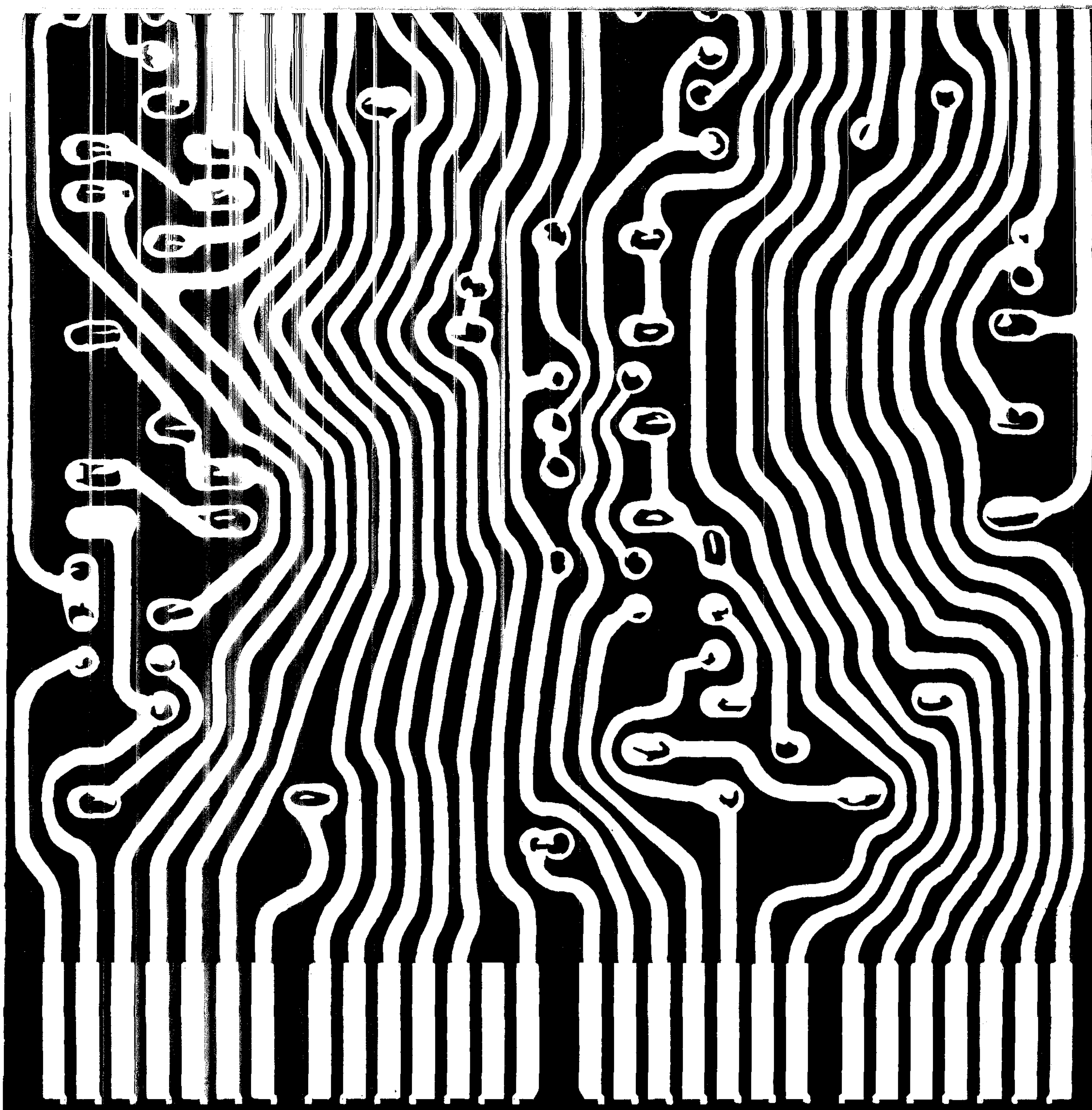
"I worked in a wholesale fruit market—Spitalfields—all my life, right from when I was fourteen," Mr. Carter told me over tea and sandwiches in the immaculate apartment in Bethnal Green where he lives with his wife and their three children. "My father worked in the market, and you were expected to go there, too. As a matter of fact, I was quite happy there. It was heavy work, but I got plenty of money—what we call plenty of money. Anyway, we had a good living standard. Then I became ill. Well, at first I just began to feel a little dodgy. I'd never been ill. Played football right up to the time I was thirty-nine. But then I got pneumonia, and after that yellow jaundice and gall trouble. Well, to cut a long story short, they didn't think I would recover, but, thank God, I pulled around. I couldn't go back to the market, though, because the doctors advised against doing any heavy work. That's when I got the idea of driving a cab. I'd never done any driving—none at all—but I knew one or two chaps who were driving cabs, and it sort of appealed, because it is an independent type of work, like at the market. There you had a guv'nor, but you did your work in your own time and in your own way, which is the way I like to work, so I decided to go ahead."

The first step, he continued, was to apply for a cabdriver's license at the Public Carriage Office, which operates under the jurisdiction of Scotland Yard. An applicant must be at least twenty-one years old (there is no upper age limit, though from sixty-five onward cabdrivers are required to pass an annual medical examination; the oldest driver currently at work is eighty-two), must submit a certificate of physical fitness from his doctor, and must have what the Carriage Office considers good character. Of some fifteen hundred annual applicants, slightly fewer than two out of five eventually receive a license.

"Almost all the boys who don't make it fall down on the knowledge," Mr. Carter said. "You get into that as soon as you've done with the formalities of



"Poor devil! Penguins who don't need other penguins are the saddest penguins."



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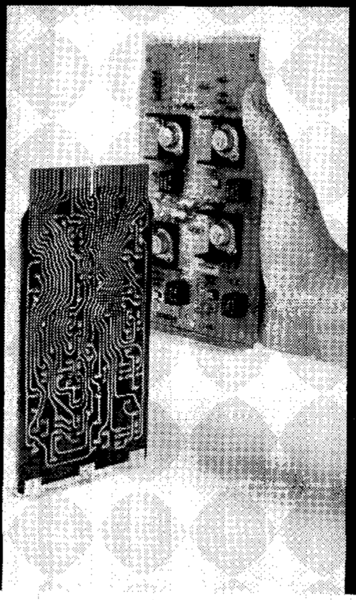

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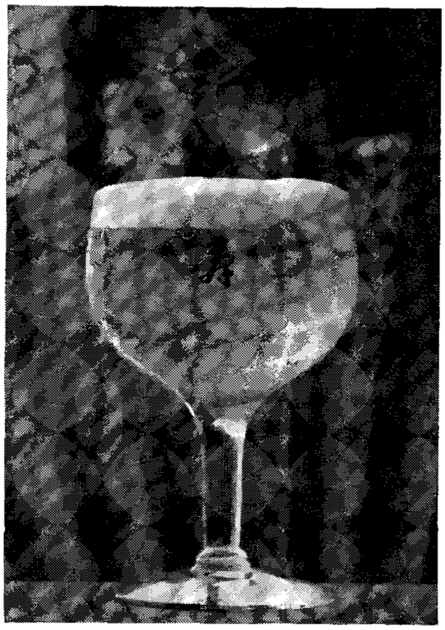

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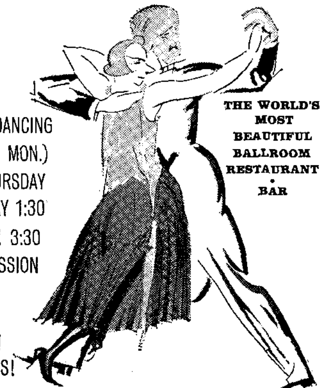
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the application. All those who are applying at the same time as yourself—maybe eight or ten blokes altogether—are called into the Carriage Office for a general introductory talk by one of the officials. The main thing he tells you is what you're going to have to learn in order to pass the knowledge test. In general, you have to have a *detailed* knowledge of London for six miles in all directions from the center, which is considered to be Charing Cross. You have to learn the layout of the streets, all the one-way systems, all prohibitions on right-hand turns. You also have to know the location of squares, hospitals, hotels, theatres, clubs, cinemas, restaurants, and other buildings and places that a fare may want to get to. At that first meeting, they give you a copy of what they call the Blue Book, which is very confusing, because it's white. Anyway, the book has twenty-six pages, and on each page is a list of eighteen routes, or journeys. I remember the first one is 'Manor House Station to Gibson Square.' Another is 'Berkeley Hotel to Dogs' Home, Battersea.' Altogether, there are four hundred and sixty-eight of these journeys, and in each case you have to learn and commit to memory how to get from the first point to the second over the route that covers the minimum distance. As you find out, learning those four hundred and sixty-eight runs is the barest of outlines of what you have to know eventually. Be that as it may, it's the way you start. They tell you right off at the Carriage Office there's no use trying to learn the knowledge sitting at home studying a map. You've got to get out on the bike and *see* it. By the time you've learned all those routes, you've done about five thousand miles on the bike."

It takes the average successful applicant about eighteen months to master the knowledge, Mr. Carter continued. He did it in ten and a half. "Mind you, once I'd made up my mind, I went into it properly, and I had some advantages," he said. "Many of the boys do the knowledge while holding other jobs. That's why you see so many of them out on weekends. I could give my whole time to it, because, having to change jobs on account of illness, I got job-rehabilitation assistance from the government—about ten pounds a month. It was a good help, and then I had some savings. Things were a bit hard, but we got along. I started out as what they call an independent trainee. The British Legion—the ex-servicemen's organization—runs a school for training taxi-drivers, and as I was in the Royal Navy during the war, I would have been able to enroll in the Legion school right off, except I had no operator's license, which is a prerequisite for admission. So at the same time I started the knowledge I started taking driving lessons, which cost a pound a lesson. I took one a week. I fouled my first driving test, and you have to wait three months in between. I passed the second time, and then I was accepted at the Legion school. You go there for a couple of hours every morning, and you study the knowledge the same as you do on your own, only at the school it's better organized. Of course, I'd been working independently on the knowledge all the time. I was out on the bike so much my children hardly ever saw me. I used to leave for school early in the morning and then be out on the road on the bike by half past ten. I set myself the task of learning an average of four journeys a day. You can try to do more, but you got to memorize them, you know, and I found from experience that four were quite enough. I used to come home about four-thirty, have a cooked meal, take perhaps half an hour in the chair, and then go out again until about nine."

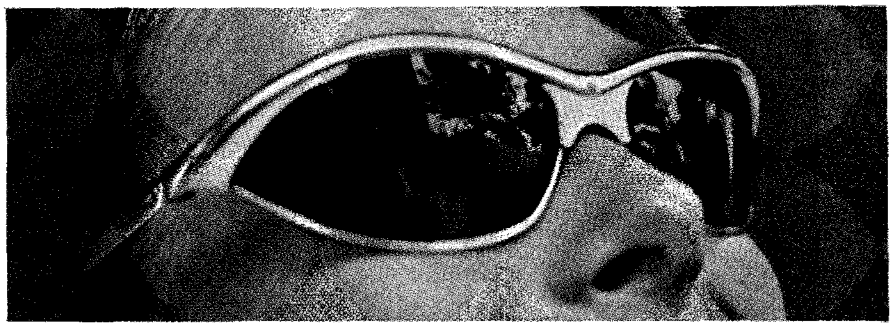
"In other words, you were putting in about a twelve-hour day," I remarked.

"More than that, actually," he said. "You see, when I came home at night I had to memorize the runs I'd done that day, so I could name all the streets, bridges, and so forth used in getting from one place to the other. Then I had to review the runs I'd already learned. The full information about each run I had written down in shorthand notebooks. Arlene—my wife—she'd hold the notebooks and check while I called out the runs. After I'd got into it, I used to call out a hundred runs a night. The concentration is terrific. It was usually midnight before we put the notebooks down."

Fifty-six days after an applicant has begun working on the knowledge, Mr. Carter explained, he is called to the Carriage Office for his first examination. This one, like the exams that follow, is oral, and is given individually in a small wood-and-glass-partitioned office by one of four examiners, all of whom are former police officers. They ask the trainee to recite from four to

Left: Irish eyes are smiling in C'Bon Magnifique
Below, Left: There's nothing like a Dane in C'Bon Verve
Below, Right: French boy in C'Bon Camelot goes for American girl in C'Bon Grenadier
Center, Left: A Roman holiday is more fun with C'Bon Illusion
Center, Right: Jet set choice for wear anywhere, C'Bon Intrigue

AT ST. TROPEZ THE LOOK IS C'BON



Above: For the all-American he-man, C'Bon Grenadier
Left: International traveler's choice, C'Bon Coquette

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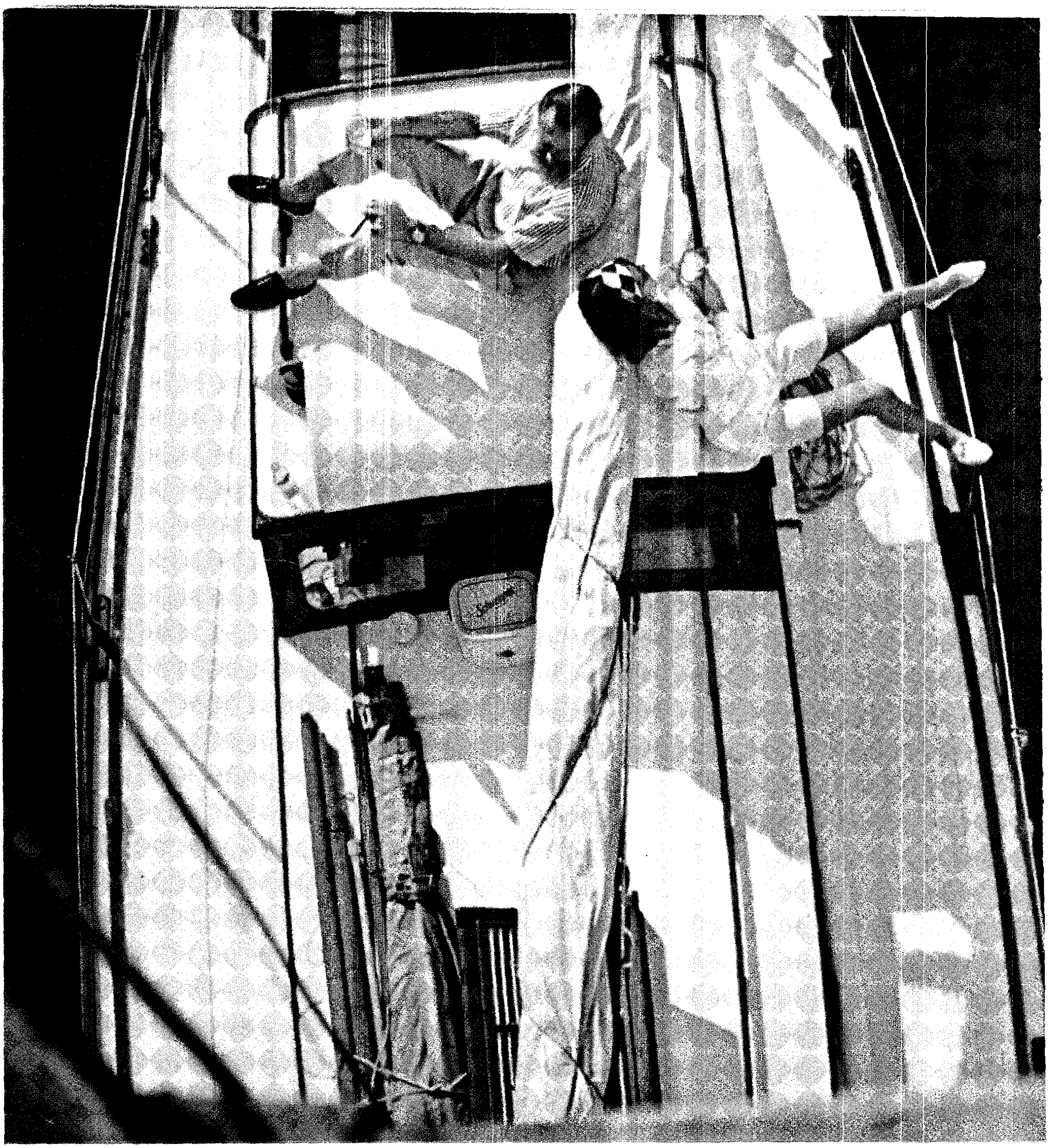


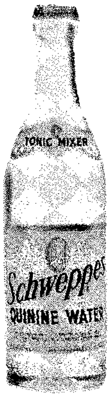
"Well done, Commander Whitehead. The race and the tonic drink."

"The Schweppes Tonic drink, my dear."

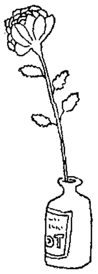
"Of course. So refreshing and bubbly."

"Curiously refreshing and Schweppervescent."

"You do run a taut ship, Commander."


TONIC MIXER
Schweppes
QUININE WATER

six journeys, or runs, based in a general way on those in the Blue Book. "They don't expect you to answer any of the questions on your first exam—or appearance, as we call it," Mr. Carter said. "In fact, in the introductory talk they tell you that if a man doesn't answer during his first five appearances it's no reflection on him. It's a normal thing. After the first appearance, you start coming back at twenty-eight-day intervals, and after a while you begin answering. On my third appearance, I think I answered three questions out of five. You learn that the examiner doesn't ask for a run just like it's given in the Blue Book. For example, the one in the book that says, 'Lord's Cricket Ground to the Constitutional Club'—now, the examiner wouldn't ask for Lord's. It's too easy. I mean, you'd have to be blind not to see Lord's. What he might ask for, perhaps, would be Northgate, which is an immense block of flats near Lord's. So the question might be 'Take me from Northgate to the Constitutional Club.' Now, if I've done the run from Lord's to the Constitutional Club, I should know these other places, because once you've made the run you should park the bike and have a good look around the vicinity. You remember places by associations. I remember coming home once and saying to Arlene, 'If ever I die, I want to be buried in Fulham Cemetery.' The whole of the street there—Fulham Palace Road—is full of lilac trees. You see, I won't forget that cemetery or that road, because of the lilacs I saw blooming there."



Momentarily assuming the role of examiner, I asked Mr. Carter how he would answer if I were to say, "Take me from Boodle's to the Savile Club."

"That's an easy run," he replied. "Leave on the right in St. James's Street. Forward into Albermarle Street. Left, Grafton Street. Right, Hay Hill. Right, Berkeley Street. Forward into Berkeley Square. Leave Berkeley Square by Mount Street. Right into Carlos Place. Forward into Grosvenor Square. Because of one-way system, proceed around Grosvenor Square. Leave by Brook Street. Savile Club on the right."

What, I inquired, would be an example of a run that was not so easy?

"Well," he said, "I remember one I was asked because I don't think anybody ever went from one of those places to the other—Bermondsey Town Hall to Sadlers Wells Theatre. Anyway, Bermondsey Town Hall, in Spa Road, to Sadlers Wells Theatre, in Rosebery Avenue. Leave on the right in Spa Road. Right into Grange Road. Come out of Grange Road. Turn right into Tower Bridge Road. Across Tower Bridge. Leave Tower Bridge by the Minories. A one-way system there. You do a right, Royal Mint Street. Left, Mansell Street. Cross Aldgate High Street. Forward into Middlesex Street. Right into Bishopsgate. Forward, Norton Folgate. Left, Worship Street. Right, City Road. Another one-way system. So, left, Featherstone Street. Right, Bunhill Row. Then left, Old Street. Right, Ironmonger Row. Left, Lever Street. Forward, Percival Street. Bear right, Gloucester Way. Right, Rosebery Avenue. Sadlers Wells Theatre on the left."

I asked if the examiners ever asked trick questions.

"I wouldn't say that, but they may ask a question to sort of test your temperament," Mr. Carter replied. "I once got asked, 'Take me from the Metropolitan Music Hall to the Goring Hotel.' Well, the Metropolitan Music Hall, it's been pulled down for years. I said, 'It's not there anymore.' The examiner said, 'I don't want to know about that. *Take me from the Metropolitan Music Hall to the Goring Hotel.*' So I took him from where it used to be. The idea is, you accept whatever's said to you and just let it roll off your shoulders. You just carry on. Under no provocation must you lose your temper. If you start arguing with the examiner, he'll figure you're the kind that'll be arguing with fares. Until you learn how to keep placid, you're not going to get a license."

After five months, Mr. Carter continued, he had acquired a good grasp of the basic knowledge of inner London. "Now it was time to begin concentrating on the points, or places of interest—you know, the out-of-the-way, dodgy places," he said. "Over the years, the chaps have worked out a system to help each other learn the knowledge. It helped me when I came to learning the points. There's a place we go near the Carriage Office called Marcantonio's. It's a caff—an eating place. The way the system works is this: If I'm examined today, I write down all the questions I can remember after I come out. I pass them on to a particular bloke in the caff. Other chaps making appearances do the same thing, so perhaps fifty or sixty questions

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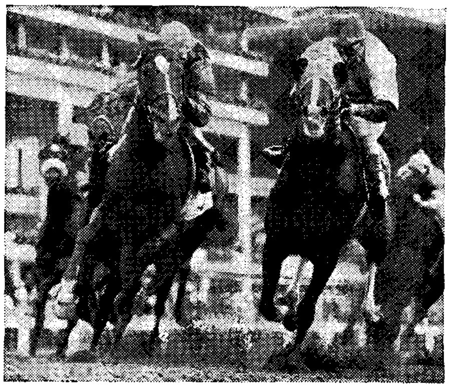

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are collected in a day. Now, then. At a quarter past ten tomorrow morning—the caff's now full of blokes on the knowledge—this appointed bloke calls out, 'Silence!' and then he reads off the questions of the day before. We all have our shorthand books out, and we make a list of what we don't know. As I say, I used the system mainly when I was working on knowledge of the points. For instance, a little court tucked away somewhere, like Pickering Place, which is about as big as this living room and is off St. James's Street, behind Overton's Restaurant. Or Bream's Buildings, which is a little place above Fleet Street. You also have to know all those Livery Clubs in the City—Goldsmiths' Hall, Saddlers' Hall, Tallow Chandlers' Hall. Now, who ever heard of tallow chandlers in this age? Very, very exclusive, these clubs, but they're out of touch with the times. I mean—Skinners' Hall. Who does any skinning today? But you're expected to know where all these dodgy places are. Then, after you've done the knowledge of inner London—points and all—you've got to do the suburbs. That's not too bad. All we're expected to know is where they are, how to get from one to another by a direct route, and the main roads in each one."

I asked Mr. Carter approximately how many places he had to learn to master the knowledge of inner London.

"Well, I can give you an idea, and this is no flannel," he replied. "By the time we finish the knowledge, we must know roughly five hundred of these runs and between three and four thousand points. It's no wonder there's a very high percentage of failures and a very high percentage of blokes who do two or three months and then pack it in. It gets too much for them. You know, it is hard—too bloody hard."

As the weeks went by and he was able to answer more and more questions, Mr. Carter continued, the interval between his examinations was reduced from twenty-eight days to twenty-one. "This meant it was time for me to take the next step," he said. "I went to York Way Motors, at King's Cross, which operates a fleet of cabs, and I asked for 'wangles.' That's a term that means borrowing a cab and using it to practice driving around London. The idea is to get ready for your Scotland Yard driving test. As a Knowledge Boy, you can get a garage to lend you a cab on trust. In return, you usually come to an agreement to work for the fleet for a while after you get your license. For my wangles, I signed a contract for six months' night

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work. So now, besides keeping on with the knowledge, I put in about two hours a day for eight weeks wangling. First, I practiced in the yard of the garage, doing the near-side reverse, the blind-side reverse, and the three-point turn. Then I took the cab out on the streets and practiced, learning how to drive smoothly. That's the main thing the Scotland Yard examiner is looking for on the driving test—giving the fare a smooth, comfortable ride. No swerving about, no violent braking or accelerating, no cutting corners. The whole idea is to give consideration to the person in the back seat. After wangling for a couple of months, I began feeling at ease in the cab, and I was maneuvering it all right."

Meanwhile, Mr. Carter went on, his examination intervals had been cut to fourteen days. He therefore knew that his final examination, which the Knowledge Boys refer to as their Requisition—or Wreck, for short—was not far off. He began preparing for it with his customary thoroughness. "During my appearances, I'd been before all the examiners except one—Mr. Finley, a Scotsman, and very strict," he said. "I figured that the law of averages would see that I got him for my Wreck. So, down at Marcantonio's I collected all the questions I could get from chaps who had appeared before Mr. Finley, and I studied them hard. Well, when I went in for my second fortnight, who did I get but Brother Finley, and, believe me, I paralyzed him. He started off with a few normal runs, a half dozen or so, and I gave them to him. When he started marching on from there, I knew this was it. This was my Wreck. He asked me some more runs, and then he asked me ten or twelve squares—where they were. Not good squares, like Sloane Square or St. James's Square, but dodgy places, like Lonsdale Square, up in Islington. Then he asked for Warwick Square. Now then, I gave him a choice. I said, 'Which Warwick Square do you want, Mr. Finley?' And he said, 'What Warwick Squares do you know, Mr. Carter?' So I gave him both—the one in Victoria and the other in the City. Then there were about ten or twelve hospitals. These were not your Bart's and St. Thomas's. These were small hospitals, like St. Paul's, in Endell Street, or St. Peter's, near Covent Garden. Then he got onto the hotels and clubs and theatres. I dropped one hotel—the Mapleton. It's a big hotel, but I just didn't know it. No trouble with the clubs or theatres. Altogether, he asked at least fifty questions, and I missed only one. As I say, I was rather informative, and I did slay him."

Having passed his knowledge test with top marks, Mr. Carter went on to pass his Scotland Yard driving test with equal ease. He received his cabdriver's license (it cost three shillings, and is good for three years) on his wife's birthday.

I asked how he celebrated the two happy occasions.

"I came home for about half an hour, and then I went to the garage and took out a cab," Mr. Carter replied. "I started out about five in the afternoon, and I stayed in the cab until three in the morning. It's a strange thing. I felt like I'd never done anything else in my life, and that's the truth." —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

• •

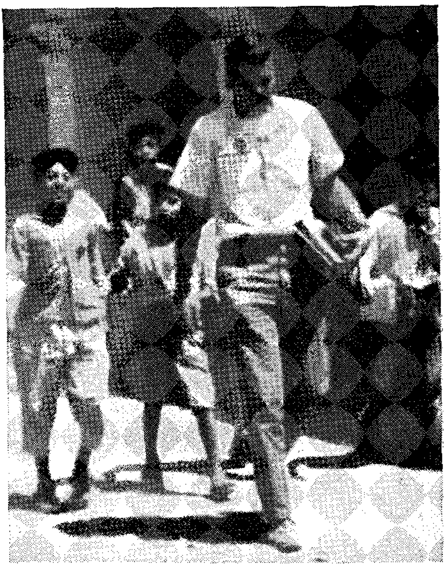
THE WORD

There's the field. I can see it.
Of course it's a dream, but I know it,
and still I see it: the big cardboard box
where we crouched and played house,

or the red roundhouse for streetcars
where the tracks ended and the cars stood,
quiet, no one in them, and the workmen
went their rounds carrying huge oil guns,

or the jump from a roof on a dare
into a pile of straw—I landed so hard
I almost bit my tongue off.
My tears were real, seemed to fall

of their own will; I was stunned
by knowledge, pain for the first time,
icicles or light playing over my tongue,
some word huge and black in my mouth.
—NEIL WEISS



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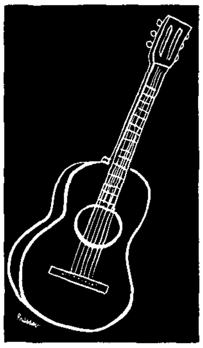
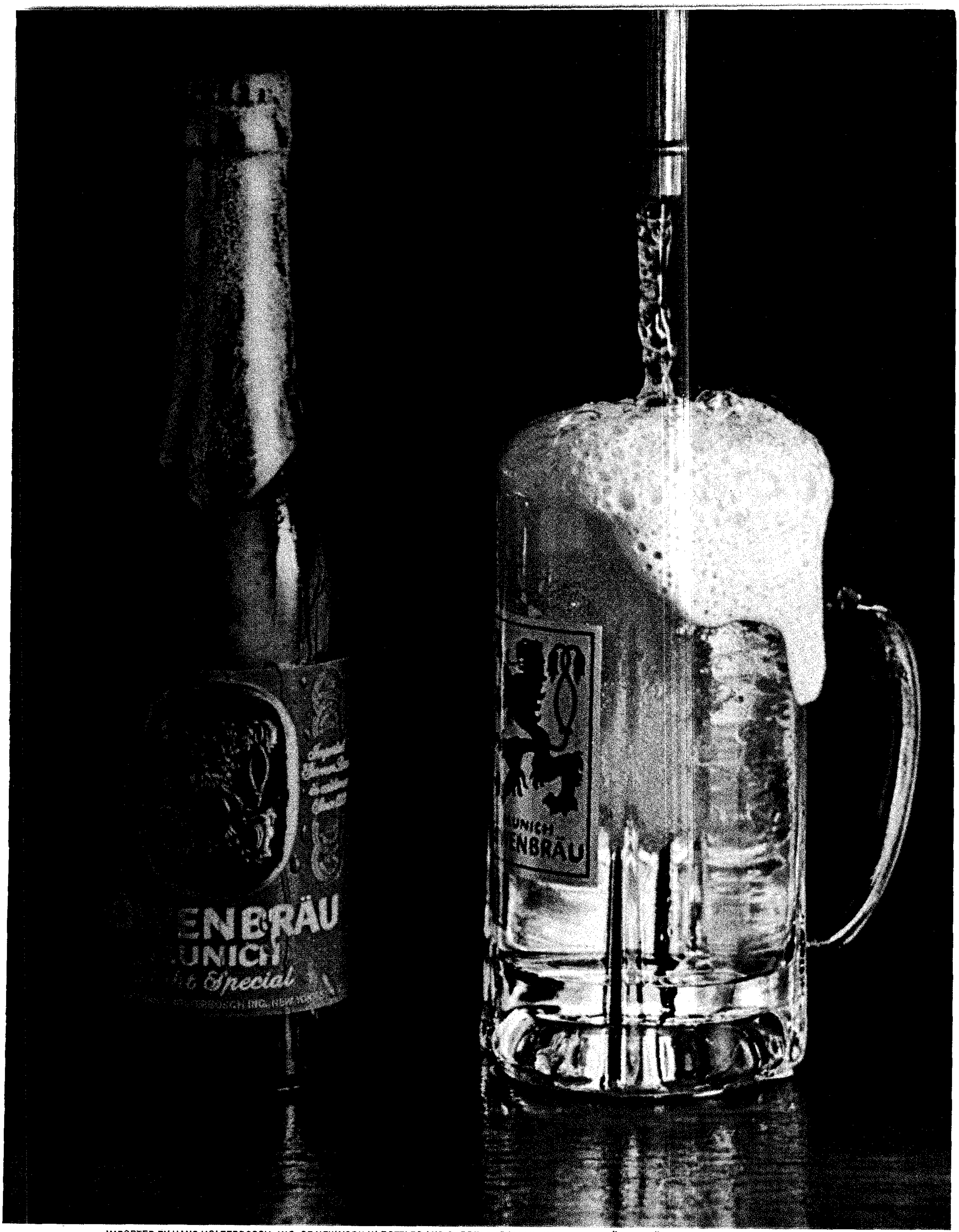


ONE of the survivals of Puritanism among cultured Americans is the idea that symphonic music is superior to opera, because it is more "spiritual." Talk to a Bostonian any time about music and you will get, as likely as not, a whiff of this idea. His symphony orchestra is one of the glories of American music. His opera company, on the other hand, is a struggling though valiant organization that seems to appear and disappear from time to time and is always subject to a certain amount of public neglect. As far as I can determine, what makes symphonic music more "spiritual" is that opera has people in it, and not just an anonymous group of more or less faceless performers. True, the amount of symphonic music that expresses lofty sentiments is probably larger, in pure bulk, than the corresponding amount of operatic music. But if I were asked to name the greatest work ever written by Mozart, for example, I should unhesitatingly skip all his great symphonic music in favor of his opera "Don Giovanni." Furthermore, most of the composers of great symphonic music have also been composers of opera—and in Germany and Austria, the two countries that have produced the largest amount of "spiritual" music, opera has long been one of the most popular of art forms. This connection is, I feel sure, no accident. Opera is the most fundamental of the musical arts. Its music is more obviously representational, and music of any kind that is worth listening to is always representational; that is, it represents states of mind and feeling. Opera offers the composer a wonderful field for experimentation—wonderful in that his experiments are limited by practical consideration for that most sensitive and expressive of musical instruments, the human voice. Without this limitation—without the discipline imposed by vocal writing—musical composition can disintegrate into an abstract mathematical game. To my mind, it is highly significant that British music reached a high point in its history at the time of Purcell, a man who wrote opera, and that it has not since achieved equal stature, though it now shows some signs of reviving—concurrent, not unexpectedly, with the existence of another operatic composer, Benjamin Britten. The point I am trying to make is that a musical culture rests basically on the production of opera; great symphonic music follows.

Now, it is true that the peoples rather comprehensively referred to by General de Gaulle as "*les Anglo-Saxons*" are not operatic by inclination. But if my computations are correct, opera is today infiltrating them in considerable depth, possibly because at least one of these peoples, that of the United States, is getting less and less Anglo-Saxon all the time. The proof is in the number of successful American operas recently written, the growth of opera companies all over the country, and the prolongation of the season of our foremost opera company, the Metropolitan. Moreover, the Met has, in addition to recently founding a national touring company, just taken over the Lewisohn Stadium concerts—formerly pretty much a symphonic affair—and is now offering its first season of outdoor opera (in concert form), with well-known stars and at an admission price ranging from fifty cents to four dollars and a half. The Met's new venture is, of course, aimed incidentally at bringing opera to a mass audience. But a more important aim, unquestionably, is that of giving year-round employment to its orchestra and chorus. This opens up some interesting future possibilities. The Stadium, as nearly everybody knows, is to be torn down in a couple of years, but the new Metropolitan Opera House, at Lincoln Center, will be ready by that time. Though the seating capacity of the new opera house (thirty-eight hundred) will prohibit the popular prices made possible by the Stadium's (twenty thousand), still—because of that year-round-employment scheme—if public interest should warrant it, the Met might be able to undertake year-round production, like the Vienna Opera and several other European houses. The New York music season has been growing in length ever since the Second World War. With air-conditioning to help, it may end up by biting its tail, and music in our town may never cease again—a situation that a critic may or may not view with enthusiasm.

I attended the opening concert at the Stadium on Monday night of last



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week, and also Friday night's complete concert production of "La Traviata." The place had been considerably refurbished. There was a new, cream-colored shell in back of the orchestra, and the amplification (which is unfortunately indispensable at outdoor affairs of this sort) was generally expert and well distributed, though from where I sat on opening night the cellos came over the footlights sounding a little harsh. There were blue-and-white checked tablecloths and ushers in red coats for those seated in the forward part of the amphitheatre. A crowd estimated at twenty thousand was present, and, according to the box-office authorities, there had been an advance sale of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the season, most of it in the reserved-seat sections. The huge opening-night audience was undoubtedly a response—in part, at least—to the presence of Renata Tebaldi, who looked magnificent in a green gown, and sang excerpts from operas by Puccini and Verdi. It was a balmy night. Only one plane flew above the Stadium, momentarily disturbing the flow of music, and everybody seemed to be having a pleasant time.

The concert performance of "La Traviata" was the first of a projected series of complete operas, scheduled for Friday nights, which are to include "Madame Butterfly," "Carmen" (with the inimitable Regina Resnik in the title role), "La Bohème," "Lucia," "Tosca," and "Rigoletto." It was a cool, relaxing evening. Again one plane flew over the proceedings, but the performance was entirely enjoyable. Anna Moffo, looking very pretty in a red dress, sang Violetta. Barry Morell was the Alfredo. Calvin Marsh, a baritone who has often served in minor roles at the Met while his inferiors have sung major ones, was cast as the elder Germont for the first time under Metropolitan auspices, and, as far as one could judge from the microphones, he sang beautifully. The lesser roles were sung by Marcia Baldwin, Gabor Carelli, Gene Boucher, George Cehanovsky, Louis Sgarro, and Loretta DiFranco. George Schick conducted.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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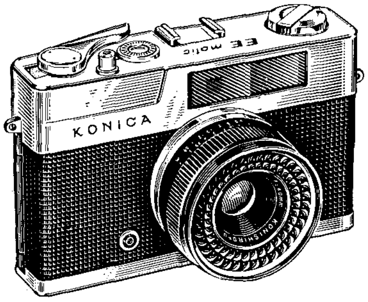

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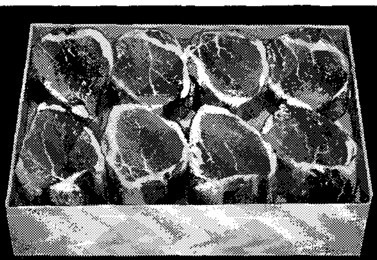

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CLOCHEMERLE LES BAINS, by Gabriel Chevallier, translated from the French by Xan Fielding (Simon & Schuster). This jolly tale, which takes place in the village of Clochemerle, in the Beaujolais district, consists of an unending procession of live scenes from *La Vie Parisienne*, the scenes being bawdy, gay, naughty, voluptuous, romantic, and so on, depending on whether the girls, wives, and widows participating are bawdy, gay, naughty, and so on. The men of Clochemerle, who are weaned on wine, and a large collection of outlanders, including a lot of excitable doctors, keep the action churning. The plot is simple enough—a spring of bubbling water that suddenly comes to life in the heart of vinous Clochemerle proves to be the beginning of a health spa, and the village is confounded at finding itself a center of fashion and wealth. M. Chevallier has a raconteur's style—leisurely, carefully paced, and assured.

BEWARE OF CAESAR, by Vincent Sheean (Random House). A historical novel relating the development and discovery of an unsuccessful plot against Nero; the story ends with the Emperor's demand for the suicide of Seneca, the poet and philosopher who had been his tutor and, more recently, a bystander disapproving both of his pupil's reign and of the conspiracy to overthrow him. Without distracting the reader's attention from the narrative, Mr. Sheean discreetly sees to it that the events and personalities of 65 A.D. in Rome recall those of 1944 in Germany—a pattern of high-minded, ineffectual rebels defeated by the operations of a mad, shrewd tyrant. Mr. Sheean does not deform history to make a novelistic or moralistic point; he fulfills one valid purpose of the historical novel in letting a past age illuminate the present.

GENERAL

PORTRAIT OF THE ASSASSIN, by Gerald R. Ford and John R. Stiles (Simon & Schuster). Representative Ford (R., Mich.), who served on the Warren Commission investigating the murder of President Kennedy, and his special assistant during the Commission's hearings have produced a fascinating book. Using the testimony given at the hearings and their own impressions of the witnesses, they have pieced together a narrative as well as a portrait. The book describes the acts and character not only of the assassin but of those around him who, in one way or another, affected him. (No one was "close" to Oswald, except physically.) The authors' style is undistinguished, and their homilies about the benefits of family life are gratuitous. Nonetheless, their book is astonishing; the subject is high tragedy—the death of a ruler—told with attention focussed on the killer, and set against the familiar Pop Art background of lower-middle-class American life.

IS PARIS BURNING? by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (Simon & Schuster). A popular account of the liberation of Paris, assembled from countless interviews with Resistants, Occupiers, citizens, and soldiers. The book explains that SHAEF at first intended to bypass the French capital, because city fighting, as Stalingrad had most notably demonstrated, was notoriously slow going. But the Communist underground inside Paris decided to rebel against the Germans, and the Gaullist Resistance had to follow suit. The Allies were forced to send troops, lest the Germans wipe out Paris as they had Warsaw. This decision greatly relieved the German commander, von Choltitz, who had been ordered to blow up the city and had disobeyed. He surrendered, and lived to be photographed with the authors for the book's dust jacket. In the midst of everybody else's muddle, de Gaulle, with the single-minded shrewdness that the world has since recognized, completely outsmarted the Communists—and that is the only part of the story that has any historical significance. The rest of the book is just details, some interesting, some blah-blah-blah.

D. H. LAWRENCE: A PERSONAL RECORD, by "E. T." (Barnes & Noble). "E. T."—Jessie Chambers—was the original of Miriam in "Sons and Lovers," and her 1935 pseudony-

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Every litter bit hurts

In the parking lot or along the highway, grown-ups know that every litter bit hurts. But they forget. And that's how it all begins. Bit by bit the litter piles up and America the beautiful becomes America the ugly. The litterbug is catching, too. Don't let it spread. Help stamp out littering by setting the right example. Always carry a litterbag in your car. Always use it. If Mom and Dad remember, the youngsters won't forget to **Keep America Beautiful!**

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AMERICA
BEAUTIFUL

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

Close Your Mind!

Samuel Butler, that breath of fresh air in the stuffy Victorian age, once wrote: "Cursed is he that does not know when to shut his mind. An open mind is all very well in its way, but it ought not to be so open that there is no keeping anything in or out of it. It should be capable of shutting its doors sometimes or may be found a little drafty."

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mous memoir of her friendship with Lawrence has now been reprinted with additional material edited by her brother, J. D. Chambers. The memoir is a matchless portrait of the early Lawrence—a retarded and mother-fixated adolescent of genius, as ambitious as Tamerlane but reluctant to start shaving. It is also a heartbreaking personal document, revealing nakedly that Miss Chambers was in love with Lawrence from first to last, and that he treated her like dirt—the first of many such.

HENRY GARNET AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT, by Philip Caraman, S.J. (Farrar, Straus). Henry Garnet, the son of a Nottingham schoolmaster, went to Rome in 1575, became a Jesuit, and in 1586, when he was thirty-one, slipped back into England to give religious support and leadership to the Roman Catholic underground. After twenty years, he was betrayed and was executed for complicity in Guy Fawkes's plot to blow up Parliament—in which, in fact, he had no part at all. All resistance stories are exciting and inspiring, and the author, himself an English Jesuit, lets his subject's holiness and courage reveal themselves in action. Contemporary documents make Father Caraman's editorial points: that Elizabethan Catholics were not politically subversive, and that the Catholic clergy who risked their lives in Reformation England hoped to convert rather than overthrow the Protestant administration. The only hint of historical imbalance in this moving and scholarly book is Father Caraman's view of the Protestant persecutors as spitefully, mindlessly, or crookedly malign, when they were no more nor less than men of their time.

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The song, very much like a ballad, tells the story of a young girl's ardent longing for spring. Miss Kailer tossed her head seeking the first robin and lilted the gay and carefree song in an easy, childlike manner. One felt the shivering anticipation of a young girl running up the spine. —*Harrisonburg (Va.) Daily News-Record.*

Two vertebrae at a time.

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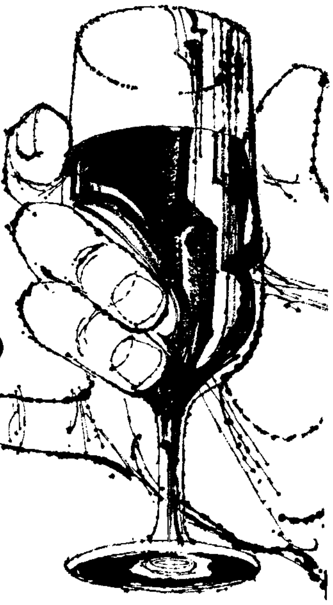
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the EDP Weekly*]

A symposium sponsored by the IEEE Computer Group will present a dearth of material on technologies, logic and memory implementations, system organization, packaging, design, and impact on engineers.



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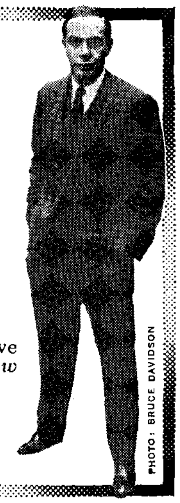
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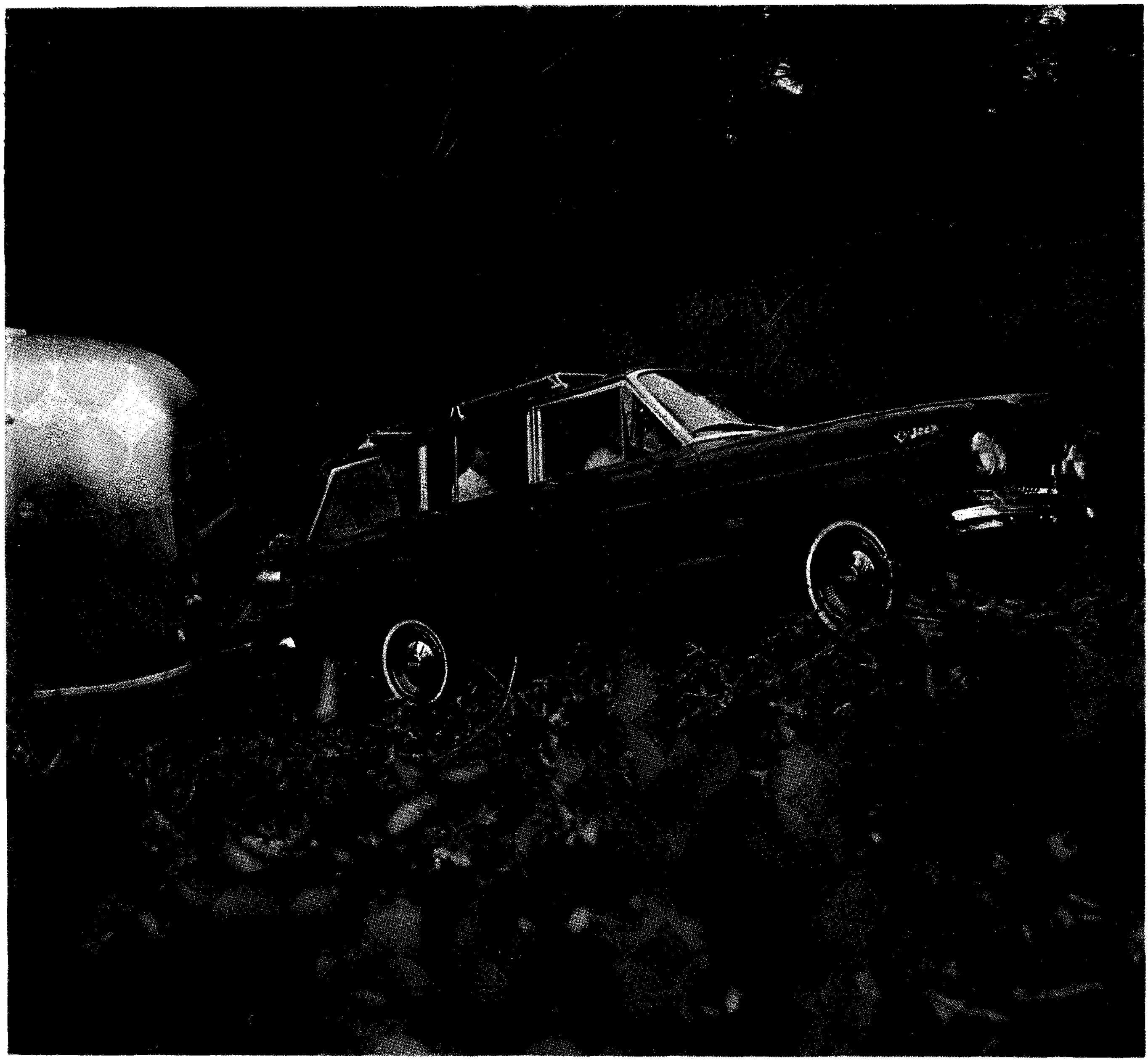

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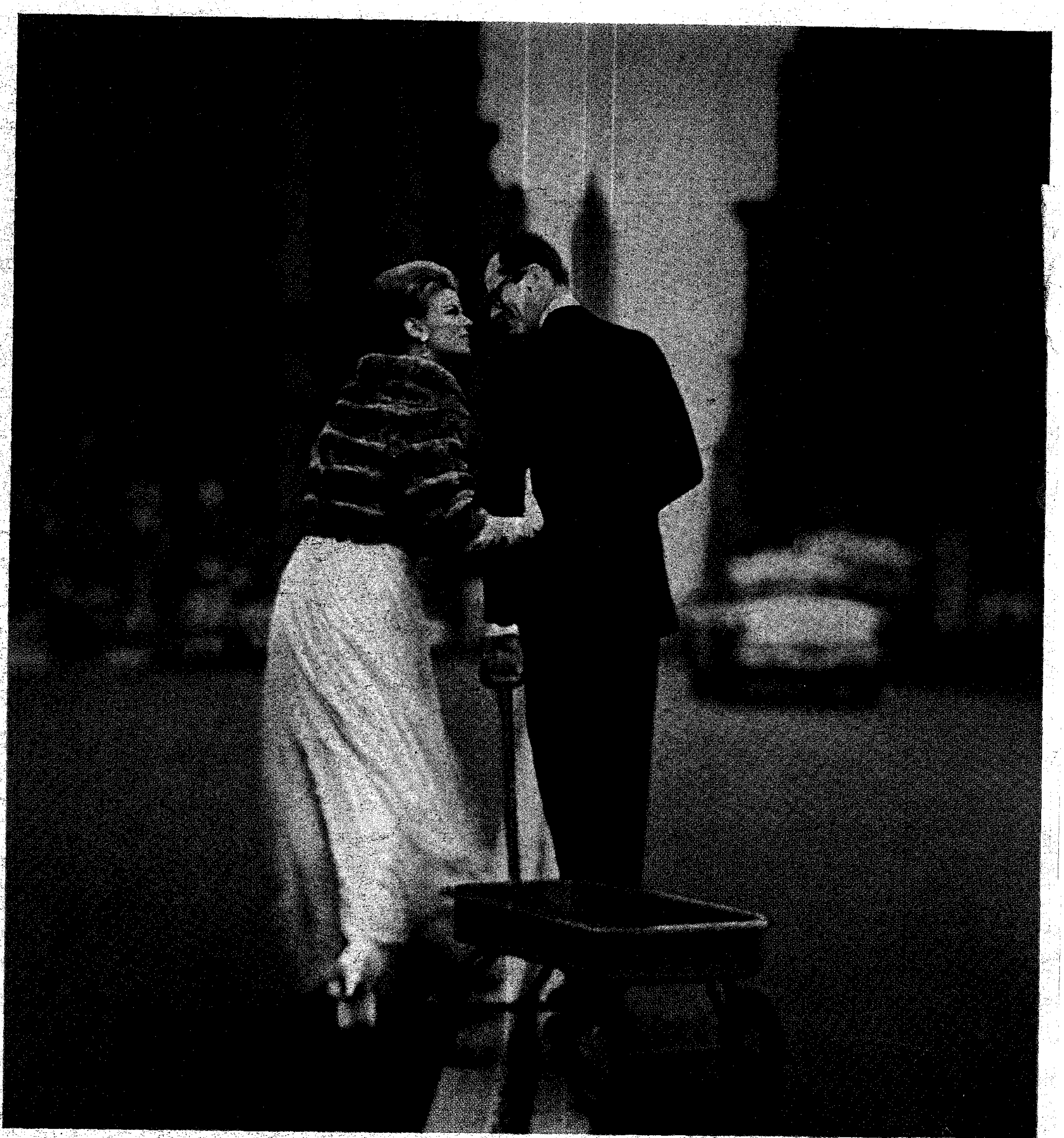

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